

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning  
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## TO THE UNKNOWNABLE.

O THOU! whom men affirm we cannot "know,"  
It may be we shall never see Thee nearer  
Than in the clouds, nor ever trace Thee  
clearer  
Than in that garment which, howe'er a-glow

With life divine, is still a changing show,  
A little shadowing forth, and more conceal-  
ing,  
A glory which in uttermost revealing  
Might strike us dead with one supreme life-  
blow.

We may not reach Thee through the void im-  
mense,  
Measur'd by suns, or prove Thee anywhere;  
But hungry eyes that hunt the wilds above  
For one lost face still drop despairing thence,  
To find Thee, in the heart, — love's ravish'd  
lair;

Else were "the sting of death" not "sin,"  
but love!

EMILY PFEIFFER. Spectator.  
*Mayfield, West Hill, Putney, S. W.*

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LINES WRITTEN ON RECROSSING THE  
ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN WINTER AFTER  
MANY YEARS.

LONG years ago I wandered here,  
In the mid-summer of the year —  
Life's summer too;  
A score of horsemen here we rode,  
The mountain world its glories showed,  
All fair to view.

These scenes in glowing colors drest,  
Mirrored the life within my breast,  
Its world of hope;  
The whispering woods and fragrant breeze  
That stirred the grass in verdant seas  
On billowy slope —

And glistening crag in sunlit sky,  
Mid snowy clouds piled mountains high,  
Were joys to me;  
My path was o'er the prairie wide,  
Or here on grander mountain-side,  
To choose, all free.

The rose that waved in morning air,  
And spread its dewy fragrance there  
In careless bloom,  
Gave to my heart its ruddiest hue,  
O'er my glad life its color threw  
And sweet perfume.

Now changed the scene and changed the eyes,  
That here once looked on glowing skies,  
Where summer smiled;  
These riven trees and wind-swept plain  
Now shew the winter's dread domain,  
Its fury wild.

The rocks rise black from storm-packed snow,  
All checked the river's pleasant flow,  
Vanished the bloom;  
These dreary wastes of frozen plain  
Reflect my bosom's life again,  
Now lonesome gloom.

The buoyant hopes and busy life  
Have ended all in hateful strife,  
And thwarted aim.  
The world's rude contact killed the rose,  
No more its radiant color shews  
False roads to fame.

Backward, amidst the twilight glow  
Some lingering spots yet brightly shew  
On hard roads won,  
Where still some grand peaks mark the way  
Touched by the light of parting day  
And memory's sun.

But here thick clouds the mountains hide,  
The dim horizon bleak and wide  
No pathway shews,  
And rising gusts, and darkening sky,  
Tell of "the night that cometh," nigh,  
The brief day's close.

---

SAFE.

SAFE? the battle-field of life  
Seldom knows a pause in strife.  
Every path is set with snares,  
Every joy is crossed by cares.  
Brightest morn has darkest night,  
Fairest bloom has quickest blight.  
Hope has but a transient gleam,  
Love is but a passing dream,  
Trust is Folly's helpless waif.  
Who dare call their dearest safe?

But thou, though peril loom afar,  
What hast thou to do with war?  
Let the wild stream flood its brink,  
There's no bark of thine to sink.  
Let falsehood weave its subtle net,  
Thou art done with vain regret.  
Let Fortune frown, and friends grow strange,  
Thou hast passed the doom of change.  
We plan and struggle, mourn and chafe —  
Safe, my darling, dead, and safe!

Macmillan's Magazine.

S. K. P.

From The Quarterly Review.  
INDIAN MISSIONS.\*

INDIA has always from the most ancient times attracted a large share of the interest of the rest of the civilized world; but it has special claims to be regarded with interest by the people of modern England. The thoughtful portion of the English people cannot but feel deeply impressed with the strength of those claims and with the weight of the responsibilities arising out of the peculiar relation in which England stands to India. It cannot be supposed that India has been given to us for no other purpose than our national aggrandizement. It must surely have been, mainly and ultimately, for the benefit of India itself that so great and populous a country was committed to our care, that we might impart to it the benefit of our just laws, our rational liberty, our mental enlightenment, and our progressive civilization. And if this be admitted, we must admit more. We must admit that it was intended we should endeavour to impart to it also a knowledge of that religion which has made our own nation what it is, and without which no nation can ever become free, happy, or permanently great. Our duty as a Christian nation to promote not only the material welfare of the people of India, but also, as far as it is possible for us, their moral and religious welfare, is becoming more and more widely recognized, in proportion as our intercourse with India increases. A remarkable amount of interest in the progress of Christianity in India has recently been awakened, and a

demand for information has been excited. We purpose, therefore, to give our readers some idea of the position and prospects of Indian missions. In proceeding to do so we think it desirable at the outset to help our readers to realize in some degree the vastness, the variety, and the difficulty of the field in which those missions are carried on, that they may be enabled to form something like a correct estimate both of the results that have already been attained and of the results that may still be expected.

The possessions which have fallen to the lot of the English nation in India and the East are the most extensive and populous, and probably also the most valuable and important, that any people ever acquired beyond its own natural boundaries. India alone, not including Ceylon, Burma, or the eastern settlements, comprises upwards of a million and a half of square miles, an area which is nearly equal to that of Europe; and though nearly two-thirds of the soil are uncultivated, so thickly peopled are the cultivated districts, that the population of India was estimated in 1872 as amounting to nearly three hundred millions, which is more than equal to the population of the corresponding area in Europe, and which constitutes probably more than a fourth, certainly more than a fifth, of the whole population of the globe. Nowhere, except in China, is there a field of missions so vast as that which India presents; and in no other part of the world—certainly not in China—is there to be found so varied a field. In proportion to the variety is the interest; but in proportion to the interest is the difficulty.

It might not be too much to say that the work of propagating Christianity in India is the most difficult work in which the Christian Church has ever been engaged. Some of the difficulties that formerly existed have, it is true, disappeared, and the strength of some has diminished. Others, again, are still very formidable.

There is one difficulty less now than in the days when Christian missions were first introduced into India. The opposition of the Indian government has disappeared. Scarcely two generations have

\* 1. *Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India during the Year 1871-2: presented to Parliament by her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.* London, 1873.

2. *Indian Missions.* By Sir Bartle Frere, G.C.S.I., &c., late Governor of Bombay. Reprinted from "The Church and the Age." London, 1873.

3. *Lecture on Missions, delivered in Westminster Abbey on December 3rd, 1873.* By Max Müller, M.A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford; with an Introductory Sermon by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London, 1873.

4. *Report of the General Missionary Conference held at Allahabad, 1872-3.* London, 1873.

5. *Statistical Tables of Protestant Missions in India, Ceylon, and Burma for 1871.* Prepared at the request of the Calcutta Missionary Conference. Calcutta, 1873.

elapsed since the Indian government ceased to refuse permission to missionaries to labour in India, and scarcely one generation has elapsed since it ceased openly to patronize idolatry. It administered the affairs of all the principal pagodas, and required its Christian servants to do honour to pagan festivals. It was commonly said at that time that it was impossible to convert the Hindus, and some of the people who said so did their best to fulfil their own predictions. The Indian government has always professed to observe a strict neutrality between the various religions professed by its subjects; but until a comparatively recent period the neutrality it observed was a one-sided neutrality, which showed itself mainly in the encouragement of the indigenous religions and in opposition to Christianity. We have reason to be thankful as a nation that a very different state of things now prevails. The government still indeed professes to hold a neutral position, and in certain particulars it is desirable that it should always continue to do so. No man should be favoured, no man should be molested, on account of his religion; all religious professions should be equal before the law. But this neutrality is now no longer regarded as inconsistent with the repression of crimes committed in the name of religion, with the protection of converts to Christianity in the enjoyment of their civil rights, or with an enlightened, prudent solicitude for the peaceful diffusion of the blessings of Christian civilization and morals. The Indian government moves forward slowly, but it keeps constantly moving, it takes no step backwards; and hence, notwithstanding its characteristic caution, the caution necessary to its position, perhaps there is scarcely any government in the world that has achieved a greater aggregate of progress within the memory of the present generation, especially in regard to educational and social reforms. This statement receives a remarkable illustration from one of the works contained in the list prefixed to this article, a document presented to Parliament by the secretary of state for

India, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. It is entitled, "A Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress of India during the Year 1871-2," and a considerable portion of the statement is devoted to a survey of existing missions in India. This portion of the book evinces an enlightened interest in the progress of Indian missions, considered with reference to their bearing on the intellectual and moral advancement of the people. Probably no such utterance on the subject of Christian missions ever before proceeded from any government, and what renders it specially encouraging to all who take any interest in that work is that, as it is based on statistics and official information, its impartiality cannot reasonably be called in question.

We are not of opinion that the government system of education in India can fairly be regarded as hostile to Christianity or to the work of missions, though we are unable to regard it as a perfect system. We do not see how any system of education can be regarded as perfect which ignores the emotional part of man's nature, which ignores a divinely-sanctioned morality, which ignores religion. Probably the government itself does not consider its system as perfect, but only holds it to be the best that is possible under the circumstances. It is an important consideration that the government makes grants in aid on a liberal scale to missionary schools and colleges. At one time, indeed, it refused grants to such institutions in one of the presidencies, but that ill-advised policy has been abandoned; and if the missionary societies, or other associations of persons unconnected with government, were to set themselves to promote the education of the people on a larger scale, larger funds would doubtless be provided by government to aid them in their undertaking. The teaching in the schools and colleges entirely supported and managed by government is restricted to secular subjects; but though to this extent it is non-Christian, it is certainly not the intention or wish of government that it should be anti-Christian; and if in any particular

it should appear to have acquired this character, the blame, we believe, is to be attributed, not to the system itself, but to the manner in which it has been worked. It cannot be admitted to be a necessity of the government system that any of the text-books used in the teaching of the Indian languages should teach immorality or indecency, or that any members of the European educational staff should diffuse around them an atmosphere of scepticism. Whatever defects may attach to the government system of education, and whether those defects be essential or accidental, it cannot be doubted that in the main it has proved to be an immense benefit to the people of India. It was thought at one time that the young men, whom the government was training up in its schools, would turn out to be a specially dangerous class; but fortunately this anticipation has not been confirmed by the result. On the contrary, the educated classes have generally shown themselves to be better citizens and better servants of the State than the members of any class the country ever knew before. Some of them, it is true, have abandoned their old faith without adopting any other faith instead; but it does not follow that their condition has become more hopeless, for it has been proved in the history of India again and again that a bad religion is worse than none.

On comparing the relative strength of the various obstacles to the regeneration of India that appear to exist, we are inclined to regard as the most formidable a pernicious influence of the very existence of which many persons who are interested in this question are scarcely aware. We mean the influence of the Hindu philosophies on the national character, the influence of those philosophies in fostering, if not causing, the dreaminess and apathy of that character. It is doubtless owing in a great degree to the heat of the sun that many of the people of India are so apathetic; but it appears to be due also in a considerable degree to the circumstance that they have been systematically taught apathy as a religious virtue. Some of the Hindu philoso-

phies are atheistic, some materialistic; but the systems which have at all times been most popular, and consequently most influential, are pantheistic and idealistic. The more purely pantheistic and idealistic any system is, the more popular it is, and in the same proportion it is found to be the more productive of apathy. It is rare to find these systems thoroughly understood, and still more rare to find them carried out consistently into practice; but there are few indeed, down even to the lowest class, except only in the hill-districts and the forests, who have not acquired some acquaintance, however slight, with the terminology of these philosophies, and fewer still who have not imbibed their unpractical spirit, and caught their dreamy tone. The poison is held in solution in the popular mind. Worse effects, however, than listlessness and dreaminess have arisen from the prevalence of these systems. It is to this cause, we believe, more than to any other, that we have to attribute the moral weakness of the Hindu character, its indifference to truth, its unfaithfulness to its convictions of duty, its willing subjection to the tyranny of custom and the authority of great names, its want of public spirit, its carelessness of the future. What could be expected of the philosophy of apathy but that it should leave things to take their course? There is much real work now being done in India, especially in the teaching of truth and the diminishing of evil; but all that work is being done, not by the followers of the Bhagavad Gîtâ, or by Vedantists, or by quietists of any school, but by Christians from Europe, whose highest philosophy is to do good, and by those natives of India, now a considerable and increasing number, who have been stimulated by the teaching and example of Europeans to go and do likewise. The prevalence in India to so great an extent of these pantheistic idealistic philosophies must necessarily act as a formidable obstacle to the reception of the Christian religion. They have produced not only mental apathy but moral insensibility. They have not only enfeebled the intellect, but eaten out the hearts of

the people. Christianity professes to provide a remedy for moral evil; it aims at a restoration of harmony between man's moral nature and the constitution of things under which he is placed; it presupposes a moral government and a moral Governor; it presupposes moral responsibility: but if people have been taught, on what they suppose the highest authority, to believe either that everything that exists, moral evil included, is a part of God, or else that everything that seems to exist, moral evil included, is only ideal, it is obvious that there is not much likelihood of the claims of Christianity being seriously considered. Where no disease is supposed to exist, the best remedy in the world will appear to be unnecessary. Hence we must be prepared to expect a considerable difference in point of susceptibility to Christian influences between the Greeks, Romans, and Teutons of ancient Europe, who, whatever their defects or vices, certainly had consciences, and a people like the Hindus, amongst whom the power of conscience has been reduced to a minimum. It is a happy circumstance that the educated Hindus of the present generation, being educated almost exclusively in the language and literature of Christian England, know in general little or nothing of the philosophies of their own country. In so far as the study of philosophy enters into the curriculum of their education, they study, not a dreamy philosophy founded on the dicta of sages, but a practical philosophy founded on observation and experience. Hence, except only in so far as positivism has of late made its appearance amongst them, we now generally find educated Hindus believing, or at least not denying, the existence of a personal God, creation, providence, a moral law, human responsibility, almost as if they were Christians, yet for the most part quite unconscious that the ideas they entertain are Christian ideas. It would be a sad aggravation of the evils of India if positivism should spread amongst the educated classes; but we hope and believe it will not. The tendency of all Hindus to idealism is so strong that blank materialism cannot permanently attract them.

We do not class the existence of the religious community called the Brahma Samāj amongst obstacles to the progress of Christianity in India. On the contrary, we regard that community as an ally; an ally, it is true, up to a certain point only, but still up to that extent, and

it is a very considerable extent, an ally. The Brahma-Samāj movement originated in the contact of the newly awakened Hindu mind with the Christianity of the English mind, and is one of the most interesting indirect results of Indian missions. Already it has divided into two parties, the original, or Conservative Brahmas, who seem to have become alarmed at their own progress, and are supposed by many to be steadily gravitating back into Hinduism; and the Progressive Brahmas, headed by Kesnab Chander Sen, who have altogether broken with tradition, and are endeavouring to lead their countrymen onwards to purer sentiments, as well as to a higher purpose of life. Professor Max Müller declares that this movement appears to his mind "the most momentous in this momentous century." Without being able to go so far as this, we are quite prepared to welcome it with feelings of thankfulness and hope; with thankfulness that, though a purely national movement, it has gone so far already in a Christian direction; with hope that it will go further. The professor seems to us somewhat unreasonably severe on the Christian missionaries in India for their attitude towards the Brahma Samāj. He admits that "they do not deny the moral worth, the noble aspirations, the self-sacrificing zeal of those native reformers." If so, it is not clear what more could be expected of them, so long as it is not expected that they should cease to be believers in Christianity. To them Christianity seems a better remedy for the evils of India than a religion founded on mere emotions and intuitions. It may be added, that others besides missionaries are of opinion, that as India is now politically united to England, and as it is dependent on England alone for its intellectual influences, it would be of the greatest possible advantage to it to be united to England also in the bonds of religious sympathy. The progress of India will be in proportion to its reception of English ideas; and it is one of the most deeply-rooted of those ideas that Christianity is the only religion compatible with modern civilization. The papers that were read, and the discussion that took place, respecting the Brahma Samāj, at the conference held by Indian missionaries two years ago at Allahabad, show that Christian missionaries could scarcely regard any non-Christian system of religion with greater respect, or treat it with more sympathy, than they do the Brahma Samāj, without

ceasing to wish that all men should become, "not only almost, but altogether," what they are themselves.

The divisions and differences of opinion prevailing amongst Christians in India do not appear to us to impede the spread of Christianity in so considerable a degree as has sometimes been supposed. "The Protestant missions of India, Burma, and Ceylon, are carried on," the Blue-book states, "by 35 missionary societies, in addition to local agencies; and now employ the services of 606 foreign missionaries, of whom 551 are ordained." It might naturally be supposed that the spectacle of so divided a Christianity would deter, rather than attract, inquiring Hindus; and that any multiplication of the number of missionaries under such circumstances would be an increase of weakness, rather than of strength. Facts, however, are not in accordance with this supposition. Divisions do, it is true, exist, and it is a pity they do; but it is a consolation to know that, as a general rule, they are not apparent to the Hindu. In this old Christian country the community of baptized believers, which ought to be in all things an example to new Christian communities in distant lands, is rent into hostile sects and parties, each of which too often thinks it serves God by ignoring God's gifts to its neighbours. The missionary spirit has done much to mitigate both the spirit of division and the spirit of exclusion; but partly from the resistance which relentless theories offer to charity, and partly from ignorance, the number of persons who care to know, and are able to appreciate, work done by communities different from their own, is not great. In India the missionary spirit has freer scope, and has generally brought about a more satisfactory state of things. India is so wide a country that he must be a person of very narrow ideas indeed whose mind is not found to be somewhat enlarged after he has resided there for some time. The religious divisions which originated in England, and which are kept up by influences emanating from England, have not, it is true, been healed in India; but the feelings out of which those divisions arose have generally been repressed, and care has generally been taken that they should have as few opportunities as possible of breaking out into action. The various missionary societies have generally selected as the sphere of their labours some extensive district, some

province or state, in which Christianity was almost or entirely unknown; and in such unoccupied regions they have located their missionaries, in the hope that they would be exempt, both from the temptation to interfere with the labours of the missionaries of other societies, and from the danger of being themselves interfered with. This rule has so generally been acted upon, especially in rural districts, than in many parts of India Christianity exhibits but one phase. There are, it is true, exceptions; and we fear the number of such exceptions, as time goes on, seems likely to increase rather than diminish. But the arrangement we have mentioned is undoubtedly the general rule, and up to this time it may almost be said that the antagonism of rival sects and parties is unknown in the mission-field, and that though the religious divisions of Europe exist, they have been deprived of their sting.

Even in the greater cities of India, where no such arrangement is any longer practicable, and where the missionaries of different societies carry on their work in somewhat of a promiscuous manner, it would be an error to suppose that they have hitherto placed any stumbling-block in the way of the conversion of the Hindus by the diversity of their teaching or their want of charity. In everything which, according to Hindu notions, constitutes a religion, the religion of all Protestant missionaries appears to the Hindus to be one and the same. When they see that all missionaries appeal to the same sacred volume translated into the vernacular; that they all worship the same God, and preach salvation through the same divine Saviour; that they are all free from the suspicion of image-worship; that they all perform divine worship in the vernacular language; when they find, also, that they are all alike, or as nearly alike as individual peculiarities will admit, in manner of life; that they live on terms of friendly intercourse with one another, profess to repudiate mutual proselytism, and evidently rejoice in one another's successes; they cannot but regard them as teachers of one and the same religion, bearing the united testimony of many independent witnesses to the truths which they teach in common. It is also to be remembered that Hinduism is peculiarly tolerant of diversities, that it may be said, indeed, to have a liking for diversities. It will be considered

by some persons a more legitimate ground of consolation, that Hindus cannot become acquainted with any matter on which a really serious difference of opinion exists amongst Christians until after they have made up their minds to become Christians themselves. The only doctrines which are or can be, preached to heathens and Mohammedans are those on which all Protestant Christians are agreed; and questions respecting disputed points necessarily lie over till those who are now outside the Church are admitted into it.

This representation has been remarkably confirmed by the testimony of the Indian government itself. It says:

This large body of European and American missionaries, settled in India, bring their various moral influences to bear upon the country with the greater force, because they act together with a compactness which is but little understood. Though belonging to various denominations of Christians, yet from the nature of their work, their isolated position, and their long experience, they have been led to think rather of the numerous questions on which they agree, than of those on which they differ; and they co-operate heartily together. Localities are divided among them by friendly arrangements, and with few exceptions it is a fixed rule among them that they will not interfere with each other's converts and each other's spheres of duty. School-books, translations of the Scriptures and religious works, prepared by various missions, are used in common; and helps and improvements secured by one mission are freely placed at the command of all. The large body of missionaries resident in each of the presidency towns, form missionary conferences, hold periodic meetings, and act together on public matters. They have frequently addressed the Indian government on important social questions involving the welfare of the native community, and have suggested valuable improvements in existing laws. During the past twenty years, on five occasions, general conferences have been held for mutual consultation respecting their missionary work; and in January last, at the latest of these gatherings, at Allahabad, 121 missionaries met together, belonging to twenty different societies, and including several men of long experience who have been forty years in India.

But let it be granted [says Canon Lightfoot] that in the divisions between Christian and Christian we have a most serious impediment to our progress. Was there nothing corresponding to this in the first ages of the Church? We need only recall the names of the Ebionites, Basilideans, Ophites, Valentinians, Marcionites, and numberless other heretical sects—differing from each other and from the Catholic Church incomparably more widely

in creed than the Baptist differs from the Romanist—to dispel this illusion at once: *Nor passi graviora*. We have surmounted worse obstacles than these of to-day.

The number of missionaries and the number of the societies with which they are connected being so great, it may reasonably be concluded that all the agencies at work will not appear to every one equally wise and efficacious. Whilst the doctrines taught may substantially be the same, and whilst the objects aimed at may be almost identical, the plans pursued by those six hundred missionaries from England, Germany, and America, may differ widely. As was apparent at the Allahabad conference, some will advocate a variety of departments of work, placing English education in the front rank, as the work most suitable to a period of preparation; whilst others will advocate preaching alone. Possibly, also, amongst so large a body of men some will form too high, some too low, an estimate of the advantage of leavening the Hindu mind with European ideas; some may, perhaps, concede too much, some too little, to national customs and prejudices; some will devote too much of their time and labour to helping their people in their temporal affairs; whilst others will consider the teaching of religion their one work, and decline even to prove to the people that they are their friends by doing them a few acts of temporal good, such as they can appreciate. These differences, however, in so far as they really exist, are very inconsiderable, after all, in comparison with the many matters of the greatest possible moment in which the course they take is substantially the same, and do not derogate in any degree from their efficiency as a body. A party-writer in this country, not long ago, stigmatized all Protestant missionaries, with few exceptions, as “indolent and self-indulgent.” The most remarkable answer to this accusation has received is that which has emanated from the Indian government itself, which, in speaking of the advantages conferred on India by the missionaries as a body, eulogizes their “blameless example and self-denying labours.” The intellectual power of so large a body of men belonging to different nationalities and communions will naturally possess different degrees of value. But it is well to bear in mind, that India is so extensive a country, comprising so many different degrees of civilization, that there is room in it, as for every variety of educational

and missionary agency, so for every variety of intellectual power. There are spheres of usefulness in the rural districts, and especially amongst the lower castes and aboriginal tribes, for which the lowest order of intellectual qualifications consistent with European strength of character and zeal for progress would suffice; whilst there are also spheres in the great centres of population and amongst the higher castes and classes for which the highest order of intellect and acquirements that can be obtained is required.

The evils, which a certain class of persons once predicted would follow from any attempt that might be made to propagate Christianity in India, have been proved by the event to be imaginary. It must also be admitted that the speedy and glorious successes, which another class of persons anticipated, have not been realized. It may well be, however, that the results which have been accomplished, though short of what was anticipated, and still further short of what was desired, are of such a nature, notwithstanding, as to furnish abundant encouragement to the friends of the work to go forward. It is not a fact, though it has often been taken for granted that it is a fact, that Indian missionaries have exaggerated the results of their work; but even if it were a fact, it would not follow that the exaggeration was intentional, for in every department of effort, whether social, political, or religious, we constantly find people who are labouring to accomplish some object on which their hearts are set, unintentionally allowing their estimate of their success to be coloured by their hopes. On the other hand, it is undoubtedly a fact that the work of missions in India has been unduly and unfairly depreciated. It seemed, till quite recently, to be almost the unanimous opinion of persons who claimed to be regarded as the leaders of opinion, not only that Indian missions had failed, but that for some reason or another it was right that they should fail, and that people should rejoice over their failure. Dr. W. W. Hunter, the head of the Indian statistical department, says in his work on Orissa, "It seems to me that no impartial observer can learn for himself the interior details of any missionary settlement in India (to whatever form of Christianity it belongs) without a feeling of indignation against the tone which some men of letters adopt towards Christian missions." It might have been expected, one would

think, that even persons who do not believe in Christianity would sympathize with any honest endeavours to make the millions of our Indian fellow-subjects better men and better citizens than we found them; and if such endeavours appeared in any degree unsuccessful, it might have been expected that want of success in so good a cause would have been regarded, not with triumph, but with regret. A considerable change in the feelings with which Indian missions are regarded has recently taken place. The emphatic testimony of the Indian government in their favour has already produced a marked effect on the public mind, an instance of which is apparent even in an article on "Christian Missions" in a recent number of the *Westminster Review*, in which the writer, whilst disparaging missions in general, goes so far as to admit that the results of the Indian missions "constitute the most brilliant page in the whole history of our missionary enterprise." Notwithstanding this turn of the tide, we are anxious to avoid falling into the error of exaggeration. No person who has any acquaintance with India, or who bears in mind the numerous and very peculiar difficulties with which, as we have seen, Indian missions have to contend, will be inclined to paint, or to accept as correct, any rose-coloured picture of missionary progress. Were there no other reason for taking a sober view of the case, the conflicting theories that are put forth from time to time respecting the mode in which Indian missions should be conducted, will naturally raise the suspicion that the results that have been obtained hitherto are not so full of encouragement as could be wished. Good work is undoubtedly being done in India, and progress is undoubtedly being made; but the results are of such a nature as will best be appreciated by persons who know something of the history of the progress of Christianity in the Roman empire in the earliest times, or who have had some experience in carrying on some moral or religious enterprise of a more or less similar character amongst our heathens at home.

In proceeding to give some account of the progress of Indian missions we shall restrict ourselves to the work done by Protestant missionary societies alone, partly because of the paucity of Roman-Catholic statistics, but chiefly in consequence of the fact mentioned in the statement of the Indian government that "the

Catholic missions in India are almost entirely confined to their Christian converts, and have little to do with the non-Christian population."

According to the statistical tables prepared in 1871, it appears that there are 32 societies engaged in carrying on the work of Protestant missions in India, including Burma and Ceylon, in addition to a few isolated missionary agencies, and to the work carried on in some places by government chaplains and other clergymen in charge of English congregations. Of these societies 9 are American, 6 are German, and the remainder are connected with the British Isles. The number of missionaries connected with these societies, not including laymen engaged in educational and other work, is 548, of whom 333 are connected with the British and Irish societies, 131 with the American societies, and 84 with the German societies. Reckoning the missionaries according to ecclesiastical connection, irrespective of nationality, 166 belong to the Church of England, 88 are Presbyterians, 87 Lutherans, 77 Baptists, 69 Independents, 51 Wesleyans, and the remaining 12 are connected with isolated bodies. One of the inferences naturally arising from these facts is that America and Germany are evincing a remarkable and most commendable degree of interest in the welfare of India, a degree of interest greater in proportion than that which is evinced by England herself. India seems to have been specially committed by Divine Providence to the care of England, and certainly has special claims on England, both as a portion of the English empire, and on account of the advantages England derives from India. India has no such special claim on the United States; yet the missionaries from the United States to India, including Burma and Ceylon, number, as we have seen, no fewer than 131. When this number is compared with the 333 missionaries from the British Isles, the comparison, in so far as it is an indication of Christian zeal and enterprise, cannot be said to be so decidedly in our favour as a nation as it should have been. It certainly would seem as if we were considered by neighbouring nations to be either unable or unwilling to do our duty to India when we find America thinking itself obliged to send so large a body of missionaries to the British possessions in India to teach Christianity to the subjects of the British crown. The interest the Germans take in the Christianization of India

is still more remarkable. It is considered almost a matter of course that the Germans should know more about the languages and antiquities of India, as of almost every other country in the world, than we do; but if so "practical" a people, as we pride ourselves on being, require to receive help from the Germans in so practical a work as the moral and religious improvement of our fellow-subjects in India, it might justly be considered, not as a matter of course, but as a ground of reproach. Another inference deducible from these facts is, that whilst it is evident that almost all the Protestant communions in Europe and America are evincing a commendable degree of interest, and expending much money and effort in the work of propagating Christianity in India, it can scarcely be said that the position occupied in relation to this work by the great, powerful, and wealthy Church of England, is such as it ought to be. It is true that that position is not so deplorable as it has sometimes been represented. The Church of England must receive the credit due to it for the important services it renders to the best interests of India, in virtue of the fact of its employing in its Indian missions no fewer than 166 missionaries, 114 in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and 52 in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and local associations; but when it is found that the missionaries from the non-Episcopal communions in the British Isles, omitting the Americans and Germans, amount to the large number of 132, the Church of England can scarcely be admitted to be doing all that it ought to do. It is something that in this holy war it occupies the van; but if it were only pervaded throughout with the warm missionary feeling with which particular portions of it are pervaded, it might almost undertake to do the whole work itself. As far as direct results are concerned, the scale turns a little, but only a little, more in favour of the Church of England. The missionaries of that church are but 29 per cent. of the entire number of missionaries in India; whilst the native converts connected with the Church missions number 41 per cent. of the entire number of converts. The missionary societies of the Church of England have shown their capacity for doing well whatever they are enabled to do; but unfortunately there are multitudes of persons, calling themselves members of the Church of England, who

either render those societies no help whatever in their great work, or mock them with help of the most niggardly kind. The special claims of India on the Church of England have been forcibly pointed out by Sir Bartle Frere and, more recently, by the three Indian bishops, and it is hoped that that Church will ere long rise to the full dignity and glory of the position she might assume.

The labours of the missionaries employed in so wide and varied a country as India necessarily assume a considerable variety of forms. Professor Max Müller divides missions into the two classes of "parental missions" and "controversial missions," and observes, that "whilst the work of the parental missionary is clear, and its success, even in many parts of India, undeniable, the results of controversial missions have been discouraging." The distinction between these two classes of missions is one which it will be well for every missionary to bear in mind. To a certain extent, however, every well-conducted Christian mission, even amongst civilized races, is parental rather than controversial. The prudent missionary everywhere refrains, as much as possible, from arguing and attacking; and endeavours, as much as possible, to gain his end by instruction, advice, personal influence, and parental love. To a certain extent, also, the most distinctively parental mission, amongst the rudest tribes, must be controversial. It has to deal, not with colourless simplicity, but with a hostile array of errors, prejudices, and evil habits, which require to be encountered and overcome; and it seldom happens that even a barbarous creed thinks itself so barbarous as to be unable to defend itself by force of argument.

Indian missionaries are not only preachers, pastors, and educators; they also contribute to the enlightenment of the country by their literary labours:

No body of men [says the Indian government] pays greater attention to the study of the native languages than the Indian missionaries. With several missionary societies (as with the Indian government) it is a rule that the younger missionaries shall pass a series of examinations in the vernacular of the district in which they reside; and the general practice has been, that all who have to deal with natives who do not know English, shall seek a high proficiency in these vernaculars. The result is too remarkable to be overlooked. The missionaries, as a body, know the natives of India well; they have prepared hundreds of works, suited both for schools and for general

circulation, in the fifteen most prominent languages of India, and in several other dialects. They are the compilers of several dictionaries and grammars; they have written important works on the native classics and the systems of philosophy; and they have largely stimulated the great increase of the native literature prepared in recent years by educated native gentlemen.

It may be added, that five rude languages, not previously committed to writing—the very existence of which was generally unknown—have within the last few years been mastered by Indian missionaries; and that the literary life of the tribes speaking those languages has now commenced by the publication and circulation amongst them of Christian books. Apart from the effect of such literary labours in enabling missionaries to fulfil their mission to the people amongst whom they labour as instructors and guides, as well as preachers, they have indirect value of considerable importance, especially in the more highly civilized districts, in respect of the conciliatory effect they produce on the native mind. The natives are gratified by seeing foreigners take a lively interest in their languages, customs, literature, and antiquities, and are prepared to regard such persons, though foreigners, as friends, and as persons whose advice it may be safe to follow. In every part of the world people are pleased when they find an interest taken by others in what is interesting to themselves. This is not the only good effect produced by studies of this kind; they are beneficial to the missionaries themselves, as well as agreeable to the people; they preserve the missionary from the temptation of despising the people amongst whom he lives and labours, and help to sweeten the loneliness and monotony of his sojourn in a strange land.

The mission presses in India are numerous and remarkably active. There are twenty-five of those presses at present at work, and during the last ten years they have printed and published 3,410 separate works, in thirty-one languages, including English. The total number of copies of schoolbooks, printed at these presses during this period, was over two millions, of tracts nearly six millions, of Christian books nearly three millions, of portions of Scripture more than a million and a quarter, of entire Bibles thirty-one thousand. Including presses from which returns were not received, the total number of copies printed during the ten

years, chiefly tracts, seems to have been over sixteen millions. Formerly, tracts and Scriptures were generally given away; now, as a rule, all publications are sold, which shows that they are more valued.

Medical missions have largely developed of late years in almost every part of the Indian mission-field. Medical missionaries, some ordained, some unordained, have taken up their abode at central stations in connection with the work of most of the societies, and impart to the people around them the benefits of scientific medical treatment; and it has been found that the aid thus given to the sick and suffering produces a most favourable impression, not only on their minds, but also on the minds of the community at large.

Another very interesting department of usefulness recently opened up consists in what are called zenana missions; that is, the introduction of the elements of education and religious teaching into the zenanas, or women's apartments, of the houses of native gentlemen. There are now no fewer than thirteen hundred zenana classes carried on by Christian ladies, mostly in Bengal and the North-west Provinces; and the work is extending, though still in its infancy, in the other presidencies.

By far the greater part, however, of the work of Indian missions naturally divides itself into the two departments of educational and congregational work:

The missionary schools in India [says the Indian government] are chiefly of two kinds—purely vernacular and Anglo-vernacular schools. The former are maintained chiefly, but not exclusively, in country districts and small towns. The education given in them is confined pretty much to reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, and instruction in simple religious works. In the Anglo-vernacular schools a much higher education is given, not only in those subjects which are taught in English, but in those in which the vernacular is employed: a higher knowledge even of the vernacular languages is imparted in these schools than is usually given in purely native schools. These schools are most in demand in country towns, in the presidency cities, and in the districts immediately round them. Bengal has long been celebrated for its English schools; and the missionary institutions in Calcutta still hold a conspicuous place in the system and means of education generally available to the young Hindus of that city. All the principal missionary institutions teach up to the standard of the entrance examination in the three universities of India, and many among them have a college department in which students can be led on through the two

examinations for B.A., even up to the M.A. degree.

The high position occupied by Christian schools of this character may be judged of by means of the statistical returns. In the year 1871, the number of pupils in these schools in India proper was 40,315; and it was ascertained that during the previous ten years 1,621 pupils passed the entrance examination in the Indian universities, 513 passed the First Arts examination, 153 took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, 18 the degree of Master of Arts, and 6 the degree of Bachelor of Laws. It is remarkable that 134 of the Bachelors of Arts, and all the M.A.'s and B.L.'s, were from institutions in Bengal. It is also remarkable that, looking at the results of these examinations, the educational work of the Free Church of Scotland and of the Church of Scotland appears to have been equal to that of all other societies put together. Some societies have done little for education in any shape, some nothing for the higher education; whilst the two Scottish societies following the lead of Dr. Duff, with whom this system of missions originated, have regarded the education of the youth of the higher classes on Christian principles as their special, if not their sole, work. A share is now taken in this work by several other missionary societies. The two Church of England societies, and the London and Wesleyan societies, prosecute both the educational and congregational departments of work with nearly equal vigour; and within the last ten years the educational work of the Church of England has nearly doubled. It cannot be doubted that the endeavour to diffuse Christianity amongst the higher classes of the natives is one of very great importance, for the institution of caste gives the higher classes greater influence in India than in any other country; but it was found that they could not be reached, at all events they were not reached, by any of the agencies formerly at work, and up to the present time it is only by means of an English education of so high an order as to prove an attraction to them that those classes have in any degree been brought within the range of Christian influences. The number of persons actually converted to Christianity from year to year by means of these schools has never been considerable, and seems smaller of late years than ever. On the other hand, the converts of this system, though few in number, belong to an in-

fluent class; and it is an interesting circumstance, that through their influence and example Christianity has spread in some degree amongst persons belonging to the same class who have never been at mission-schools at all, or who have attended schools from which Christianity was carefully excluded. The good effected by these schools cannot safely be estimated by the number of conversions that have taken place in connection with them. It is universally admitted that they have done much indirect good. Many Hindus, who still adhere to their ancestral faith, value these schools highly, on account of the high moral tone by which they are pervaded, and the influence on the hearts and minds of the pupils of the character and example of their European Christian teachers. It is chiefly owing to the influence of these schools that we now see amongst the Hindus such a spirit of enquiry, and the germs, at least, of so many moral and social reforms. It is to this influence, wholly or chiefly, that India is indebted for the Brahma Samāj.

The other department of the work of Indian missions, which we have called congregational, and which includes pastoral and evangelistic work of every kind, does not exclude education. On the contrary, it expends much money and effort on the education of the children of converts, on the education in the vernacular of children of the poorer classes generally, and especially on the training-up of Christian teachers, male and female; but it seems proper to regard it as a distinct department of work, because it professes to have in view the benefit, not of the young only, or of the higher classes only, but of the people at large, and because the schools it establishes, like parochial schools at home, are connected with, or subordinated to, congregations. The aim of missions of this class may be said to be identical with that of the Christian Church itself. The first endeavour of the missionaries is to diffuse amongst the entire community a knowledge of the Christian religion, chiefly by means of vernacular preaching. When any persons have been induced to accept the new teaching, they form such persons into Christian congregations, with the view of bringing to bear upon their minds and lives all those influences for good recognized by the church system which they follow. Their final aim is to teach the congregations so formed to stand alone as soon as possible without foreign

help, and to become centres of Christian light in the region around. This system of missions has been much richer in present visible results, tested by the number of converts it reckons, than the purely educational system. Indeed the entire body of native Christians in India may be claimed as the fruit of this system, with the exception of a few hundreds at most in the large towns.

The number of converts in connection with the various Protestant missions in India, as ascertained by the statistical returns to which we have referred, is much greater than it was expected to be. When the results of this religious census were made known, it is hard to say whether the friends of missions or their enemies were most surprised. The total number of native Protestant Christians in 1871 was found to be 318,363; of whom 78,494 were communicants; the number of native ordained ministers was 381; and the amount of money contributed by native Christians alone for religious and charitable purposes was 15,912*l*. What is still more remarkable is the rapidity and steadfastness of the ratio of increase. During the ten years previous to 1861, the rate of increase was 53 per cent. During the ten years previous to 1871, the rate of increase rose to 61 per cent. During this last period of ten years, the increase in the number of converts amounted to no fewer than 85,430 souls in India proper alone. The compilers of the statistical returns say:

Considering the several provinces, we find that the increase in Bengal has been more than 100 per cent., while the communicants have increased nearly 200 per cent. In the North-Western Provinces, the Christian community has nearly doubled: in Oudh it has increased at the rate of 175 per cent.; in the Punjab, at the rate of 64 per cent.; in Central India, nearly 400 per cent.; and in Bombay, 64 per cent. The greatest aggregate increase in all India has been in the Madras Presidency, where there are now 160,955 Christians, in contrast with 110,078 ten years ago. In the two provinces of Tinnevely and South Travancore, the Christian community has increased from 72,652 to 90,963 persons.

Some items of increase are particularly satisfactory and encouraging. The number of communicants has increased during the last ten years at the rate of more than 100 per cent. The number of native ordained ministers has also increased more than 100 per cent., viz., from 185 to 381. Twenty years

ago the number was only twenty-nine. The increase which has taken place in another particular must be regarded by every one who knows India as a particularly healthy sign of progress. So far as can be ascertained from the imperfect returns previously prepared, the amount of money contributed by native Christians in India during the year 1871 alone, was nearly equal to the amount contributed by them during the ten years ending in 1861. Looking at the experience of the past twenty years, the rate of increase in the number of native Christians in India may be expected to augment, rather than to diminish. On the supposition, however, that the rate remained constant from year to year, and from decade to decade, the compilers of the statistics have calculated the results that would accrue. In A.D. 1901, that is a little less than thirty years hence, the number of native Christians would amount to nearly a million. Fifty years later, it would be upwards of eleven millions, and fifty years later, that is, in A.D. 2001, it would amount to one hundred and thirty-eight millions. "It is needless," they say, "to state that such calculations hardly come within the bounds of sobriety. Unforeseen obstacles might intervene, on the one hand; while, on the other, a sudden and general movement of the people towards Christianity might at any time take place. The history of the Church tells us that this has happened before in other countries, not once or twice, but many times; and before our own eyes it has happened in our own days in the large island of Madagascar. Moreover, the promise is that nations shall be born in a day."

We cannot better fill in the details of the history of the progress of Indian missions, than by quoting here a portion of the Indian government's interesting survey:

The missionaries in the course of their efforts have found the populations of the great cities much more tenacious in their opinions and firm in their social relations than those of country districts. On the other hand, they are more intelligent; they are good listeners; appreciate arguments and illustrations; and their children flock to the mission-schools. The rural population have been much more open to their instructions; the peasantry of large districts have been less bound by caste ties; and the aboriginal tribes and classes in the community, both in the hills and in the plains, have embraced Christianity in large numbers.

The religious movements which took place forty years ago among the peasantry to the south of Calcutta, among the indigo-ryots of Krishnagar, and in the thickly-peopled swamps of Barisál, gave to the province of Bengal three large Christian communities, which now number nearly 16,000 persons. They have been steadily cared for and well instructed, and have been consolidated into prosperous well-conducted communities. Within the last twenty years the German mission among the Cole tribes in the hills of Chota Nágpur, now divided into two branches, has greatly affected these simple yet manly people; and, notwithstanding considerable social persecution, has led more than 20,000 persons among them to profess themselves Christians. Very recently the Santál tribes, in the same line of hills, have followed in their steps. In the year following the Mutiny, a new mission was commenced by an American society in the provinces of Oudh and Rohilkhand; and the Christian congregations already include 2000 converts. The largest congregations in the North-Western Provinces are found in Benares, Allahabad, Fategarh, Agra, and Meerut, and sprang from the boarding-school establishments in the great famines of 1838 and 1861. An important religious movement has recently occurred in the dominions of the Nizam, under the conduct of native missionaries; and 1100 persons have become Christians. A similar movement has taken place among the Telugu people of Ongole, under the American mission, which has resulted in 6000 converts. More than 7000 are now included in the two missions at Cuddapah; and the Telugu missions in Guntoor, in the Masulipatam district, and on the Godavari, have increased during the last few years from 1500 native Christians to more than 6000.

But it is in the southern portion of the Madras Presidency that Christianity has most largely affected the rural populations. The province of Tanjore, first instructed by the Danish missionaries, amongst them by the respected missionary Schwartz, has long possessed a large number of Christian congregations. These continue under the care of the Lutheran and the English Episcopal missions, and are reported to be in a prosperous condition. The Christians now number 11,000 persons in the Tanjore and Trichinapalli districts. In the neighbouring district of Madura, the Americans have a flourishing mission, with 7000 converts and a normal school. The Tianevelly and Travancore missions are well known, and are reported to be in every way in a higher position and exerting greater influence now than ever before. These two provinces contain a very large aboriginal population, which has been but little affected by the Hinduism of Southern India. The Shanar tribe and their kindred, from the numerous and marked peculiarities of their social religious life, have proved a most interesting study to the missionaries who have lived among them. They have been under instruc-

tion from the commencement of the present century. Good schools have flourished among them, by which girls have benefited as well as boys. Training-schools have supplied well-taught schoolmasters; theological schools have in recent years provided a full supply of native ministers and clergy; while the congregations have steadily multiplied, and the character of the whole people has been raised. Three missions have been carried on amongst them, by the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the London Missionary Society, and a large and influential English staff has conducted the affairs of these missions. At the present time (1871), 90,000 persons of all ages are professing Christians in these missions; the districts are dotted over with flourishing villages and Christian churches; there are hundreds of native teachers employed among them, of whom fifty-seven are ordained, and are supported to a great extent by their congregations. Order and peace rule these simple communities, which give the government little trouble, whether in the Madras Presidency, or under his Highness the Maharajah of Travancore; while large tracts of country have been brought under cultivation, and the peasantry generally enjoy a larger share of material comfort than in days gone by.

The following statement exhibits the relative position of each of the two districts, Tinnevely and South Travancore (which were lumped together in the foregoing survey), as ascertained by the statistical returns in 1871:

**TINNEVELLY:** The two missionary societies of the Church of England—Congregations, 580; native converts, 58,841; communicants, 9151; ordained native ministers, 46; contributions of native converts, 2,733*l*.

**SOUTH TRAVANCORE:** The London Missionary Society—Congregations, 251; native converts, 32,122; communicants, 2,599; ordained native ministers, 11; contributions of native converts, 1,094*l*.

Much the same [the statement of the Indian government proceeds to say] may be said of the Church mission among the Syrians of Upper Travancore and Cochin. The congregations among them now include some 14,000 people, and the Syrian Christians at large have been greatly stimulated and improved through the efforts of the English missionaries carried on in their midst. Only one other mission needs special mention here, the American mission in Burma. This mission has drawn its converts chiefly from the Karen tribes, the aborigines of Burma and the Shan States, who have so heartily welcomed the English rule. Information respecting them has been scanty of late; but it is certain that 60,000 of them are Christian converts, and that the mission is largely sup-

ported by the people themselves. [We add a few particulars regarding the mission of the Basel German Missionary Society on the Malabar Coast and in some of the adjoining districts of south-western India. The work of this mission is carried on with great vigour by forty-five ordained and fourteen lay missionaries. The native converts now number 4,371, showing an increase of 53 per cent. in ten years.] Taking them together, these rural and aboriginal populations of India, which have received a large share of the attention of the missionary societies, now contain among them a *quarter of a million* native Christian converts. The principles they profess, the standard of morals at which they aim, the education and training which they receive, make them no unimportant element in the empire which the government of India has under its control. These populations must greatly influence the communities of which they form a part; they are thoroughly loyal to the British crown; and the experience through which many have passed, has proved that they are governed by solid principles in the conduct they pursue. Dr. Hunter has recently set before the government the importance of the hill-races and other aborigines of India, reckoned at 70,000,000 in number; and both because of the simplicity of their habits, their general love of order, their teachableness, as well as their great numbers, has urged that new and large efforts shall be made for their enlightenment. In the same way many able missionaries advocate that the Christian efforts among them shall be increased. There is reason to believe that these estimable races will occupy a more prominent position in the empire in the future than they have done hitherto.

We add some particulars which it seems necessary to mention in order to make this remarkable survey of missionary work and progress complete. The missionaries have zealously and successfully laboured, not only to win converts, but to improve the intellectual condition of the converts and their children. In addition to 40,315 pupils, as already mentioned, in Anglo-vernacular schools and colleges, the number of boys taught in purely vernacular schools, attended chiefly by Christian children of the poorer classes, is 66,239; and notwithstanding the peculiar difficulties that stand in the way of female education in India—difficulties which operate even amongst the poorer classes, and which have not yet ceased to be felt even amongst the native Christians themselves—the number of girls in the various mission schools, chiefly children of converts, is no less than 29,016. There are 2,154 boys and 2,905 girls in the various mission orphanages. Provision is also made in various

missions, by means of boarding-schools of a high order, for imparting a really good education to the more promising Christian children, both boys and girls; and ample provision is made everywhere, by means of training-schools and institutions, for the training-up not only of schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, and lay teachers of various grades, but also, ultimately, for the training-up of an ordained native ministry, an object of vital importance in every attempt that is made to naturalize the Christian Church in a new soil. Institutions with these objects in view for male teachers are eighty-five in number, containing 1,618 students, whilst there are twenty-eight institutions for female teachers, containing 567 students.

In consequence of the progressive development of the Indian missions, in several portions of the field it has been found necessary to carry into effect a further division of the congregational department of mission-work into pastoral and evangelistic. The former, pastoral work, or the care of the Christian congregations and the schools connected with them, is now being left in the hands of the native ministers who have been trained up and ordained in such numbers, under the general supervision, for the present, of European missionaries; whilst the European missionaries are now confining themselves as much as possible to evangelistic work, properly so called, that is, itinerating in new fields, gathering in new converts, and forming new congregations. In connection with this re-arrangement of work, systematic efforts are now being made everywhere, especially in the older missions, to make the congregations self-supporting, and the first steps have been taken towards teaching the native Christian community self-government. In connection with several missions church councils have been established, consisting of native pastors and representative members of native congregations, which assemble from time to time, generally under the presidency of European missionaries, for the purpose of consulting on measures required for the support, organization, and extension of the native Church. The establishment of these councils has proved a great encouragement to the native Christian community, and helped to prepare it for whatever difficulties or successes may be in store for it in the future. It has also gone far to teach native converts several lessons which, both as natives and as converts, it was very necessary they

should learn. They are now learning to regard the support of their own pastors and their own religious institutions and schools not merely as a charitable work to which they may contribute or not, as they feel inclined, but as a duty, as an obligation from which they cannot escape. They are also learning to regard the diffusion of Christianity, the extension of the boundaries of the Christian Church, and the moral and religious improvement of the native Christian community, not merely as the duty of the foreign missionaries, but also, and chiefly, as their own duty. And they are learning both these excellent lessons so generally and so steadily, that it seems now impossible for any one to predict with any appearance of probability, as it used to be predicted, that, if from any cause the English were obliged to abandon India, the Christianity introduced by English missionaries would, within a few years afterwards, disappear.

Indian missionaries, like missionaries in other parts of the world, have sometimes been supposed to content themselves with preaching the doctrines and administering the ordinances of the Christian Church, without caring much either for the mental improvement of their converts or for the improvement of their temporal condition. The educational statistics of the missions furnish a sufficient reply to so much of the accusation as relates to the neglect of mental culture; and, as a rule, Indian missionaries have shown themselves almost equally zealous for the improvement of the temporal condition of their people as for their intellectual improvement, though this is a department of things with which statistical tables cannot deal. Where the people who have become Christians were already educated and civilized, the missionary has set himself to supply the things that were lacking by promoting amongst them moral, social, and domestic reforms, giving them a higher idea of their capabilities and duties, even with respect to the present life, endeavouring to knock off the fetters by which their intellects were bound, and thus opening before them an unlimited prospect of improvement and progress. In particular he has set himself to improve the condition of the female portion of the new Christian community; for though the condition of the women in India, especially amongst the better classes, is far from being so degraded as it is commonly supposed to be, it is still discreditably

low, especially in regard to the total absence of mental culture. The great majority of the converts belong, as has been seen, to the lower castes and classes or to rude aboriginal tribes, and Christianity finds them either in an uncivilized state or but partially civilized. In this condition of things the missionary becomes the centre of innumerable civilizing influences. He has taught his converts new industrial arts and higher ideas of domestic comfort. He has improved their houses and rebuilt their villages. He has taught them cleanliness, decency, and order. Where he has found them in slavery, he has obtained for them, or enabled them to regain, their freedom. Where they were oppressed and degraded he has taught them to rise and to regard themselves as men. He has taught them self-respect and some degree of self-reliance. He has endeavoured to make them more industrious, more energetic, and more enterprising; and thus he has not only introduced them into a new world of religious and moral ideas, but has also given them a place in a new world of social order and progress. Hence it has generally been remarked that the temporal condition of converts to Christianity, belonging to the lower classes and inferior races, after they have been Christians for some years, seems to be greatly improved. They seem more comfortable, better off, more affluent, than their non-Christian neighbours. If any person has had the opportunity of visiting any of the mission-stations in the rural districts, especially where the people were formerly in a low social condition; if he has had the opportunity of seeing villages where all, or nearly all, the people have become Christians, and where it has been possible, in consequence, for Christian ideas of things to acquire a public manifestation; if he has compared the Christian villages with villages in the neighbourhood inhabited by people of the same castes and classes who have not become Christians, he cannot but have been struck with the fact that the Christian village is greatly superior to the non-Christian village in cleanliness and order, in signs of comfort and marks of progress. He cannot fail, in consequence, to have concluded that the adoption of the Christian religion by any class of people in India, especially by any class of people in a low intellectual and social condition, is not to be regarded as a mere change of religion, in the sense in which changes of religion are commonly sup-

posed to take place; that is, that it is not to be regarded as the substitution of one set of opinions for another, or of one set of observances for another; but that, on the contrary, it is to be regarded as the adoption of better principles of action and a higher aim in life; that it is a change from a lower to a higher civilization, from ignorance to knowledge, from neglect to culture, from apathy to progress; that, in short, it is "life from the dead."

This being the case, the advantages which native Christians, especially those belonging to the lower classes, derive from the missionary's labours amongst them being so great, the wonder is, not that some persons become Christians in hope of sharing in those advantages, but that a much larger number of the people do not do so, that the mass of the people, that the mass of the poorer classes at least, do not follow the example set them by a few. The wonder is, that any of the lower castes and the aboriginal tribes, seeing what Christianity, as taught by European Protestant missionaries, has done for those of their own class who have embraced it, should be content to remain idolaters, and demonolaters, when they might, by becoming Christians, take their promotion to a higher style of man. Their not taking this course must be owing, we suppose, to the circumstance that people who are in a low condition of morals and culture are often found to be perfectly satisfied with that condition. The worst result of their degradation is that they do not feel themselves degraded. Whatever the cause may be, the fact is certain that there are multitudes of people in India, especially in the remoter, ruder districts, and amongst the poorer classes, who would be greatly benefited in a temporal point of view, and ultimately benefited in every respect, by becoming Christians, but who do not see it in this light, and remain uninfluenced by this or any other consideration. There is another circumstance which it is important to remember. Whatever be the motives by which any of those who have placed themselves under Christian instruction have been induced in the first instance to listen and learn, and how unpromising soever the condition of some of them may be supposed to be, their children, at all events, are in the schools connected with the mission from the very first, and are brought up from the first in right principles of action. As the parents, moreover, are under Christian oversight,

no less than the children, there is reason for hoping that the lessons of truth which are taught in the schoolroom during the day will not be obliterated at night when the children return home, as is too often the case when the parents have not become Christians. The condition of the parents, also, though often very unsatisfactory at first, is capable of improving, and is generally found to improve. Of the people who have embraced Christianity from mixed motives, partly religious, partly secular, the majority are found to adhere to it after all excitement from without has passed away, and learn to value Christianity for higher reasons. From time to time also the missionaries discover amongst them a few simple-minded truth-loving persons, whom Providence has been preparing, even in the times of their ignorance, for the reception of the truth and for bringing forth the fruits of righteousness. The congregation, consisting perhaps of the inhabitants of an entire village, had been brought in as it were by the tide; and yet after a time amongst the sand and seaweed a few pearls of great price are discovered, fitted to shine hereafter in a kingly crown.

Now that the possibility of the conversion of the Hindus to Christianity has been proved by the actual conversion of a considerable number of them of all classes, the line adopted by persons who are unfriendly to missions in general and Indian missions in particular has been changed, and it is usually asserted that the conversions that have taken place are valueless. This is the line most commonly adopted by persons of this class who have been in India, and their opinion is often echoed by persons who cannot be regarded as intentionally unfriendly. It has often been remarked with surprise that English people who have been in India and returned to this country (with the important exception of those persons whose opinion is of the highest value) generally bring with them an unfavourable report of the results of Indian missions, particularly in regard to the character of the native converts. The prevalence of this unfavourable opinion seems at the present time the chief objection to Indian missions with which we are called upon to deal. Is the opinion so generally expressed to be accepted as correct? or are there valid reasons for regarding it as incorrect and unfair?

We are not disposed to consider the existence of defects in the character of the Indian converts to Christianity as in

any way *a priori* an improbable thing. On the contrary, we should be prepared to find in Indian converts many serious defects. We should be prepared to find in them not only such defects as are common to human nature everywhere, but also certain special defects peculiar to the country and race to which they belong, and the style of character formed or fostered by the religion in which they were brought up. When Hindus have become Christians, they have not at the same time become English people, and that means a great deal. It means that they have not ceased to be timid, and that they have not become self-reliant, high-spirited, and manly. They have inherited the fatal legacy of a hundred generations of heathenism, and it will probably take a considerable time, perhaps many generations, before they unlearn the evil habits and tendencies, the evil conversation, received by tradition from their forefathers. It may take a still longer time before they acquire the style of character which Christian Europe approves. Christian Europe itself has not universally learnt to practise what it approves. The religion of many people in this old Christian country is still too much an affair of doctrines, views, sentiments, observances; too little an endeavour to live a Christ-like life. We need not wonder, therefore, that the character of the new Christian community in India has not all at once been renovated, though it has been considerably modified by its Christianity.

After making all due allowance, however, for the defects, of whatever nature they may be, with which the native converts are really chargeable, whether as individuals or as a community, we are decidedly of opinion that they neither justify nor account for the sweeping assertion some Anglo-Indians are accustomed to make. Doubtless those persons are in error, if any such persons there be, who look at the bright side of the picture alone and ignore the dark side; but they are equally, and far less amiably in error who endeavour to induce people to believe that the picture has no bright side at all. Much of the prejudice with which native Christians are regarded is owing, we are convinced, to ignorance. It is sometimes taken for granted that all English people who have been in India have sufficient acquaintance with Indian missions and Indian Christianity to be able to speak about them with authority; but this is undoubt-

edly an error. The great majority of the English in India know no more of mission-stations, of native congregations, of the social life of native Christians, or of the real condition of the native Christian community, than if they had never been out of England. Some of them have never had an opportunity of seeing a mission-station, such stations being few in number and scattered over a wide area: a larger number have not cared to avail themselves of the opportunities they have enjoyed. As a rule, indeed, whatever they may know of other matters, they are content to remain profoundly ignorant of what missionaries are doing. The only native Christians most English people have ever seen are a few persons belonging to the class of domestic servants, whose character is generally unfavourably affected by their position, or perhaps a few waifs and strays, disowned by their own community, who endeavour to make a living by their wits in military stations and seaport towns. The great mass of the native Christians live quiet, unobtrusive lives in remote rural districts, and the only Europeans they ever come in contact with are missionaries, and those few persons who, though not missionaries, are sufficiently interested in missions to be willing to go and see for themselves what a native Christian community is. A considerable portion of the prejudice with which native Christians are often regarded is owing, we believe, to pride of race. If caste pride prevails largely amongst natives, pride of race prevails quite as largely amongst Europeans. Many of the English in India, especially at the outset of their career, regard all natives with indiscriminate aversion. After a time their ideas become enlarged; their prejudices are mollified; they learn to tolerate the natives; not unfrequently they learn even to like them; but it often happens that they make amends for their adoption of more charitable sentiments towards the natives generally by disliking native Christians worse than ever. They learn to speak of them with unreasonable contempt, and, if they happen to come in contact with them, to treat them with unjustifiable contumely. Pride of race has not disappeared; in reality it has only taken a new shape. Instead of flowing in many channels, it now flows only in one, and consequently the current which flows in that one channel has become peculiarly deep and strong.

Unfortunately, Anglo-Indians are encouraged in this feeling by the very peo-

ple who at first suffered most from their intolerance. The Hindus and Mohammedans, by whom they are surrounded, and who have their own reasons for disliking converts from their own creeds to any other, and for endeavouring to prevent them from gaining influence, do their utmost to create a prejudice against them, or to foster any prejudice which already exists. English society in India is thoroughly pervaded with the notion that it is an ungentlemanly thing for a man to change his religion, and this is a notion which high-caste Hindus in particular take care to encourage. Their religion makes no proselytes and their caste accepts none. Consequently they are apt to regard such of their fellow-countrymen as have adopted a foreign religion, particularly if they have been guilty of the additional crime of being of lower caste than themselves, as "the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things." And hence English people, who occupy official positions in India, who are surrounded by high-caste subordinates, and breathe every day of their lives an atmosphere of high-caste blaudishments, are too often led to mistake the prejudices instilled into their minds by Brahmans for results of their own observation. It is a significant fact that when Englishmen of this class come to take an interest in religion on their own account, when they become Christians themselves in a truer and deeper sense, they make the discovery that there is a reality in missionary work and results, and a sincerity amongst native Christians, notwithstanding their defects, which they had not expected to find. The most direct testimony to the reality in the main of the Christianity of the native converts is that which is borne by the missionaries to whose congregations they belong; and though it is true that their testimony may be said to be open to exception, in consequence of the interest they may naturally be supposed to take in their own converts, yet it is to be remembered on the other hand that the Indian missionaries are not the credulous, ill-informed class of people they have sometimes been supposed to be. The proceedings of the Allahabad Missionary Conference show that they are capable of forming a careful, sober, impartial estimate of the results of the different modes of work they have been led to adopt. Irrespective, however, of the testimony of the missionaries, it may be regarded as certain from the very nature of the case, that the charac-

ter of the native Christians, as a body, must be superior to that of the non-Christians around belonging to the same classes and conditions. A mission congregation may be regarded as a school of conduct, in which young and old are taught not only the best religious doctrines, but the best moral precepts. They are taught the highest morality, to be good and to do good; and they are taught the highest motive for practising this morality, divine love. They have the benefit also of pastoral oversight, guidance, and discipline. The native Christian community must necessarily, therefore, by its superiority in moral qualities to the non-Christian community, bear witness to the moral efficacy of the truth. Probably it will even bear to be compared, if the comparison be conducted with perfect fairness, with an equal proportion of the population in any of the old Christian countries in Europe. To assert, therefore, that the native Christians are no better, still more to assert that they are worse, than heathens, may reasonably be concluded to be a calumny. We are not left, however, to the evidence of those who are supposed to be interested parties, or to probable inference from facts. The hostile testimony of one portion of English people who have been in India is rebutted by the favourable testimony of another and better-informed portion. Many English gentlemen in India, some of them holding high official positions, civil or military, help forward the cause of missions, not merely by their contributions, but far more materially by their co-operation, especially by taking an active part in the management of the affairs of the missions as members of missionary committees. In doing this they bear their testimony, the testimony not of words merely, but of actions that speak louder than words, both to the reality of the work the missionaries are doing and to the reality of its results. Some persons, also, of the very highest position, such as Lord Lawrence, governor-general of India, Sir Bartle Frere, governor of Bombay, and Lord Napier and Ettrick, governor of Madras, whose names carry weight wherever they are known, have borne distinct, emphatic testimony, in this country itself, to the reality of the work they saw done in India, and the reality, in the main, of the Christianity of the native converts. It may be said, indeed, that the higher the position occupied by any Englishman in India, and the wider

his experience, the more decidedly favourable has been the testimony he has borne.

A fair estimate of the results of Indian missions cannot be made if our attention be restricted to direct results alone, such as the number of conversions that have taken place and the moral and spiritual value of those conversions. It is certain that indirect results also of great importance have been brought about. There was a time when indirect results were much less cared for than they are now. It was then the sole object of missionaries, as was right and natural, to make converts to Christianity. To that object they devoted all their energies. With that object they preached, made translations of Scripture, printed and circulated books and tracts, established schools, gave medicine to the sick, helped the down-trodden to rise. The object they aimed at has only partially been accomplished, very partially only as yet; but the means they used for the accomplishment of that object have brought into existence, generally without their knowledge, a whole class of agencies of a more or less distinctively Christian character, by which results of the greatest possible importance, and on the largest possible scale, have been produced. Had it not been for the efforts that have been made by Christian missionaries for the conversion of the natives to Christianity, directly by Christian teaching and preaching, indirectly by means of the influences that have been brought to bear on public education, probably neither the mental and moral enlightenment we now see spreading in India, nor any of the fruits of that enlightenment, would have had any existence. The indirect results of Indian missions have never been more highly estimated than by the Indian government itself. The Blue-book, after treating of the number of converts, says:

But the missionaries in India hold the opinion that the winning of these converts, whether in the cities or in the open country, is but a small portion of the beneficial results which have sprung from their labours. No statistics can give a fair view of all that they have done. They consider that their distinctive teaching, now applied to the country for many years, has powerfully affected the entire population. The moral tone of their preaching is recognized and highly approved by multitudes who do not follow them as converts. The various lessons which they inculcate have given to the people at large new

ideas, not only on purely religious questions, but on the nature of evil, the obligations of law, and the motives by which human conduct should be regulated. Insensibly a higher standard of moral conduct is becoming familiar to the people, especially to the young, which has been set before them, not merely by public teaching, but by the millions of printed books and tracts which are scattered widely through the country. On this account, they express no wonder that the ancient systems are no longer defended as they once were; many doubts are felt about the rules of caste; the great festivals are not attended by the vast crowds of former years; and several theistic schools have been growing up among the more educated classes, especially in the presidency cities, who profess to have no faith in the idol-gods of their fathers. They consider that the influences of their religious teaching are assisted and increased by the example of the better portions of the English community; by the spread of English literature and English education; by the freedom given to the press; by the high standard, tone, and purpose of Indian legislation; and by the spirit of freedom, benevolence, and justice which pervades the English rule. And they augur well of the future moral progress of the native population of India, from the signs of solid advance already exhibited on every hand, and gained within the brief period of two generations. This view of the general influence of their teaching, and of the greatness of the revolution which it is silently producing, is not taken by missionaries only. It has been accepted by many distinguished residents in India, and experienced officers of the government; and has been emphatically endorsed by the high authority of Sir Bartle Frere. Without pronouncing an opinion upon the matter, the government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions of these 600 missionaries, whose blameless example and self-denying labours are infusing new vigour into the stereotyped life of the great populations placed under English rule, and are preparing them to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great empire in which they dwell.

This testimony of the Indian government to the importance and value of the indirect results of Indian missions is one of the most remarkable facts that can claim to have a place in missionary history. Those results, as the Dean of Westminster observes, in the sermon published as an introduction to Professor Max Müller's lecture, consist "not merely in the adoption of this or that outward form of Christianity by this or that section of the Indian community. It is something which is in appearance less, but in reality far greater than this. Individual conversions may relapse, may be

accounted for by special motives; but long-sustained, wide-reaching changes of the whole tenour and bent of a man or of a nation are beyond suspicion. . . . [The verdict of the Indian government] is a verdict on which we can rest with the assurance that it is not likely to be reversed."

Looking at the results achieved by Indian missions, it is evident that they suggest reasons both for disappointment and for encouragement; but we are of opinion that the reasons for encouragement decidedly preponderate. The friends of missions may naturally feel at times disappointed, may still more naturally feel at times dissatisfied, when they compare what has been done with what still remains to be done. But there is no reason why they should give way to despondency, much less to despair. On the contrary, there is every reason why they should be thankful that so good a work has been begun on so large a scale, and resolve to take courage and go forward. A little dissatisfaction with results already accomplished will be found to act in the main as a wholesome stimulus to further exertion. Every person who sets himself to accomplish any religious or benevolent work on a large scale in this world, however he may seem to others to have succeeded, will seem to himself to have failed, or at least to have had so little success that he will naturally feel dissatisfied; but this impression will only have the effect of urging him forward, both to extend the range of his work, and to endeavour to bring it to greater perfection in details. We regard with special interest, but also with special anxiety, the progress which the native Church that has been planted in some districts in India is making towards maturity. It is already distinguished for docility and liberality, but we should wish to see it, on the one hand, freer from inherited faults and failings, and on the other, more self-reliant, more progressive, more comprehensive, extending itself with equal zeal and rapidity amongst the higher and the lower classes. At present too large a proportion of the native converts belong to the lower classes and the aboriginal tribes. We trust that ere long this defect will be remedied, and that the blessings which flow from the religion of the Lord of all will not much longer be restricted, as hitherto has too much been the case, to the poorer classes, and to the members of a few castes out of many, but may become the common

property and the uniting bond of all classes and castes, bringing all hearts into subjection to the beneficent dominion of Christ, purifying every portion of society, and infusing new vigour into every variety of life. What a grand future India, with her teeming population and her high intellectual gifts, might expect to see, if she would only give up her dreams, her caste exclusiveness, and the moral cowardice which so often keeps her from acting up to her convictions, and were to submit herself unreservedly to the dominion of the truth! Such a result would prove a source of blessings of incalculable value, not only to India, but to all Asia and the world.

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GIANNETTO.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was one very lovely evening in the early autumn that I first became acquainted with the little village of San Jacopo.

I was staying at Nice with my two daughters, the youngest of whom had been ordered abroad for her health; and occasionally, when wearied by the monotonous routine of our life, I used to amuse myself by making excursions of some days' length in the neighbourhood.

These journeys often brought me upon beautiful and secluded villages, unknown to the ordinary traveller, and passed by as merely far-off features of the surrounding landscape; but seldom have I beheld a more picturesque scene than that presented to me by my first sight at San Jacopo.

The village lies in a bay, huge rocks closing it in on every side except on the south, where the sea ripples to its feet, intensely, wondrously blue, as only the Mediterranean can be. The sole access to it is by steep paths, cut in zigzag lines down the cliffs, in some places so steep that they become rugged steps, only to be trodden by man and the sure-footed mule. The main road of the Riviera runs some miles inland, and the fisher population live on from year to year undisturbed by visitors.

The sun had just gone down, and the after-glow of the warm south tinged every object with its golden light. The sea lay calm and still as a lake, scarcely ruffling itself into little glistening wreaths of foam, as it played with the base of the

rocks. Myrtle and arbutus, and masses of emerald vegetation, grew down to the very water's edge.

It was growing late, but I could not resist the temptation of going down into the village; and I was well rewarded. Through quaint, narrow streets, overhung by the wide projecting roofs of the houses, I walked till a sudden turn brought me into the piazza of the village. It was large for so small a place. On one side the little church, with its tall slender belfry, and in the midst a large fountain—the clear water dripping over the side out of the broken lips of four quaint old lions.

Two or three steps led up to this fountain, and on and about these a group of peasants was assembled; some sat, some leant over the edge; all were talking and gesticulating, and a look of gaiety animated the whole scene. It was, I remembered, a *festa*.

In one corner of the piazza sat an old woman selling medallions, images, rosaries, &c.; and now and then her shrill voice echoed through the crowd, "Buy, buy, signori; for the love of heaven!"

Suddenly a side-door of the church, probably that of the sacristy, opened, and a loud, deep voice called out, "*Ola, Carola, come here!*" A tidy-looking woman left her doorway and hurried across to the church—she appeared to say something which I could not hear; then the former voice exclaimed, "Certainly, certainly." The door was thrown open, and the village priest came forth and advanced towards me.

The *curato* of San Jacopo was a tall angular man, with a mild and kindly expression of face. In any other than an Italian the large limbs and gaunt frame would have been awkward; but there was a certain grace in his movements, and even in the way in which the scanty and rather rusty cassock hung closely around him. The courtesy with which he removed the three-cornered hat from his tonsured head, and bowed low, would have rivalled the courtly welcome of the highest-born gentleman.

"Welcome, welcome, signore!" he said, extending a long sinewy hand, with supple fingers; "without doubt you have heard of our picture, and would like to see it? Alas! it is becoming dark, and the morning light is best. But what matter? one cannot always choose!" and beckoning me to follow, he led the way towards the principal door of the church.

The peasants stood aside as we passed,

looking after me with smiling, good-humoured faces. One among them especially attracted my attention—a tall youth, standing on the steps of the fountain, and leaning over the side. He was dressed in a fashion rather superior to that of his companions, and looked somewhat above them in intelligence, if not in rank. Though all those who stood round him were chattering and laughing gaily, he neither moved nor spoke, but stood motionless as a statue, with his eyes fixed on the water.

"Would you tell me, signore," I asked "is that tall young fellow one of the village fishermen, like the others?"

"Who? where? Ah! it is Nencini you speak of. Yes, he is a fisherman; poor lad, he is sadly afflicted—dumb from his birth! Yonder is his mother, Carola—excellent woman! she is my housekeeper, and I have been able to give him something of an education; but he is a fisherman, without doubt. We are all fishermen here."

"Dumb from his birth"—poor fellow! I looked back at him as we entered the church, the priest courteously holding back the heavy leathern curtain to let me pass. I was struck by the expression of the lad's face—it could not be called bad; but there was a dark look of bitterness on it which sadly marred its beauty. I need hardly say that I had never before heard of the picture I was supposed to have come to see; but I did not betray my ignorance, for it would have deeply mortified the excellent priest.

The church was very small, but elaborately decorated. The side-altar of its patron saint, San Jacopo, was, above all, honoured—the altar, apse, and wall being quite covered with votive offerings,—little pictures of wrecks and storms, of miraculous draughts of fish, of broken boats, etc., with silver hearts of every size and weight, and, in front, a whole row of lamps burning, each in its little red glass.

Over the altar hung the famous picture, covered by a faded green curtain. After lighting two of the tall candles before it, the good priest drew aside the curtain, and allowed me to behold the treasure of San Jacopo.

It was a curious, very old specimen of Byzantine art—the Madonna and child, almost black with age, and made more so by the huge flat crowns of beaten silver on the brows of the sacred figures. Something there was about it dignified

and grand, as there often is even in the inferior specimens of that school.

The *curato* was just beginning his explanations when a sound from without arrested his attention; shouts of laughter, and a curious sort of noise like the inarticulate roar of some enraged animal—then a shrill woman's voice, talking loudly.

"Allow me, allow me, signore! a little moment," he exclaimed, hurriedly quitting the church. Presently I heard his voice loudly remonstrating, and the sounds ceased. For some time he did not return, and I sat down on a bench in front of the sacred picture. After about ten minutes I got tired of waiting, and went to the door, intending to go out; when, rather to my consternation, I found that it was locked. I could not help smiling, for it was very evident that the priest was so afraid of my escaping without hearing his story, that he had locked me in. There was nothing for it but patience, and I philosophically resigned myself to my fate.

The after-glow faded away; the short southern twilight was over, and the little church grew darker and darker.

After an absence of about three-quarters of an hour, the priest returned through the sacristy, followed by Gian-Battista Nencini, the dumb lad.

Gian-Battista—or Giannetto, as he was usually called—seated himself in a corner of the church, sullenly twisting his broad-brimmed hat between his knees; while, as if unconscious that a moment had elapsed since he left me, the good priest continued his discourse just where he had left off.

"Behold, signore, what grace! what benevolence! how natural the attitude! The picture has not always been here. Heaven knows that San Jacopo might have been a great and flourishing town by this time had it always been with us. No, no! in the fourteenth century it was carried off by a certain Ceccolo degli Orsini, one of the Roman princes, they say, a great *condottiere* by sea and land. He carried it as a banner for years; but, by the intervention of the saints, it was preserved from spears and swords, and it won for him the battle of Turrina, in the Valdichiana, when he was in the service of the republic of Siena. Some eighty years ago it was sold in Rome (by whom, it is not known), but it was bought for a French convent, and sent off by sea from Civit  Vecchia. By the miraculous ordi-

nance of heaven the ship went down, and the picture was washed ashore. It was found on the beach by the fishermen, and brought back once more into the church. Alas! some of the drapery was damaged, but it has been well restored by a young artist who passed through the town; and behold, the principal parts, the two faces, are intact. Since it has been here, many are the good deeds it has done. Look at this picture" — pointing to one of the votive offerings — "see the raging sea, the sinking boat, the man swimming for his life! That man was Pietro Nencini, father of Giannetto yonder. At the moment he was sinking he called on the Santa Madonna of San Jacopo, and just as he called, he felt dry land! He lived to die in his bed, and leave his widow to be my house-keeper. Ah! it was a wonderful preservation! Many a time has poor Carola entreated the intervention of Madonna and San Jacopo to restore speech to her son; but — what will you? — 'tis the will of heaven."

The priest paused to take breath, and I asked him what had been the cause of his leaving me so abruptly. He bent down, and spoke low, that Giannetto should not hear.

"It was those lads," he said. "In their idle hours they are always laughing and mocking Giannetto; and when I am not there, they drive him half mad. Heaven help me! at such times he is a wild beast, and even I can scarcely calm him. Cruel! cruel! Why cannot they leave the poor boy alone?"

The priest turned angrily round, looking at Giannetto. He continued, with a sigh, "Sometimes I have thought that some doctor might cure him. I have heard that such things are not impossible; but I have not the means of paying one, and his mother still less."

Poor Giannetto sat still in the dark corner of the church, leaning back against the wall. The sullenness had faded out of his face now, leaving on it a look of depression which went to my heart. I felt the most profound pity for one so young, writhing under so grievous a burden, evidently chafing and rebelling against it, unable to resign himself, and growing more and more embittered by his isolation. But for that look of bitterness he would have been very handsome. Slightly made and tall, his figure was muscular and active; and I learnt afterwards that he was one of the

most skilful and successful fishermen on the coast.

The priest remained silent for a moment or so, and then, with a short sigh, he turned away, and began replacing the curtain over the sacred picture, saying, as he did so, "Vossignoria should visit us on our great day, the feast of San Jacopo. Ah! then he would see great things; for the pilgrims come from far and wide, and the flowers and garlands are many. Behold, that large silver heart was given by a lady from near Mentone — a great and rich lady. Her husband had been at sea, and she awaited his return; but for three weeks after his vessel was due at Marseilles it did not arrive, and Signora Francesca vowed a silver heart to every church dedicated to San Jacopo (his patron saint) within fifty miles, if he should return safely. At the end of forty days the ship came in; but the husband had lost one leg, so she naturally reduced the number of miles to twenty, and our church was happily within the distance."

The priest would have run on forever in this strain; but the gathering clouds warned me that I must not linger if I hoped to regain the little town where I had slept the previous night before total darkness.

I took out what money I had with me, and offered it to the priest for his poor. He took it in his hand, jingling it for a moment, and then, in a half-hesitating way, he said, "A thousand pardons, signore; but if Vossignoria did not object, I have a little fund in hand which I am trying to raise to send Giannetto to a great doctor at Nice; and we have not any really in need at this moment. San Jacopo be praised! the fish came asking to be caught this year. So if you do not object, might I?"

I was about to give a ready assent, when a sudden idea struck me, and I said, "Why should not Giannetto return with me to Nice, see the doctor, and hear whether anything can be done for him?" The priest caught at the offer with great eagerness, and I could see how much his good heart was set on the poor lad's cure.

While I was speaking, I had forgotten that we had moved towards the door of the church, close to the corner in which Giannetto sat, when suddenly I felt my hands seized and kissed with all the fervour of Italian gratitude; and looking round, I saw a pair of large dark eyes

fixed upon me, changed in expression, mute and imploring, shining with the light of a new hope so intense and eager that they haunted me long after. Alas! at that moment it flashed across me what a cruel disappointment I might be preparing for these poor, simple folk. Could dumbness such as this be cured? I felt a strong conviction that it could not; and I was almost angry with myself for having suggested the idea. "But remember," I said, "do not hope too much. The most learned and cleverest of doctors can do no good if it be not the will of God."

The priest answered me very gravely, "True, true, signore. And if this fail, Giannetto will know that it is God's will, and we will pray for patience for him."

Before an hour was over, Giannetto had taken leave of his mother, we had mounted the hill, and were on our road towards Nice — a large lamp-like moon turning the gentle sea into a sheet of silver.

#### CHAPTER II.

NOTHING could be more attentive than Giannetto's manners to me during our three days' walk back to Nice. He seemed to think constantly of my comfort, sheltering me from the sun, insisting upon carrying my knapsack, and evidently most anxious to show that he was devoted to my service. We carried on a sort of conversation, he answering my questions either by signs or by writing on a slate; for, unlike most of his equals, he could both read and write well. I learnt in this way something of his former history.

Pietro, his father, died when he was a child but two years old, leaving him and his mother Carola dependent on the charity of the village. The good priest made her his housekeeper, paying her a very moderate sum weekly for services which hitherto had been done for him voluntarily by the village women. Perhaps his little allowance of meat was curtailed in consequence, and it certainly was all that Carola could do to make the threadbare cassock hold out as long as possible while this weekly payment lasted; but when Giannetto was still a very young boy, he began to earn something for himself; and at the age of sixteen he bought a share in a fishing-boat and was able henceforth to support his mother by his own exertions.

Giannetto's partner in the ownership of the boat was a certain Pietro Zei, a

man about ten years older than himself, and of him he spoke (or I should rather say, wrote) with a hatred that almost amounted to ferocity. Pietro was a clever fisherman, and was looked upon by his younger companions as a leader and wit among them. Unfortunately, all his tastes were those of a tyrant; he would laugh and torment Giannetto unceasingly, imitating the inarticulate sounds the poor fellow made, jeering and taunting him, till he worked him up into fury. The village lads were only too ready to follow his lead, and the consequence was, that Giannetto's temper, never very gentle, became more gloomy and morose every day, too often varied by fits of unbridled passion. In vain for many years had the priest striven to repress this spirit of cruel raillery; although controlled in his presence, it broke out universally when he was not near. It is fair to say that I believe that Pietro and his fellow-tormentors little realized the pain they inflicted. They were cruel, partly from thoughtlessness, and a good deal from utter inability to understand the acute sensitiveness of the dumb boy, who, proud and disposed to be vindictive by nature, suffered from the humiliation of his infirmity to an unusual degree.

At the age of nineteen, three years before I first came across him, Giannetto had saved money enough to buy a boat, and release himself from his partnership with Pietro. He succeeded well in his trade, and his mother and the *curato* had great hopes that he would settle down resigned to his fate, and live, if not in content, at least in submission to the decree of heaven; but, to their sorrow, it proved far otherwise. The good priest would often hold long conversations with him, telling him of the duty of resignation; but the truths of religion seemed to have no effect upon him — his heart was one wild rebellion, untamed and unruly; and it was in this condition of mind that I first found him.

We reached Nice before the great heat of the day set in, on a Sunday morning; but it was already hot and very dusty, and I was not sorry to consign Giannetto to the care of my Italian servant Beppo, and retire to wash and change my clothes. My daughters, not expecting my return till the following day, had gone to church; and so, tired with my early start, and rendered drowsy by the increasing heat, I lay down on Helen's luxurious sofa and fell asleep.

I was awakened by the entrance of Beppo, who came to ask for orders. I told him I had none to give; but he still lingered, and at last said, "Does the Signor Conte know anything about the young country lad he has brought home?"

Knowing that Beppo was the kindest-hearted fellow in the world, I told him briefly the history of Giannetto. I saw that he was touched.

"Poor boy, poor fellow!" he kept repeating; "and I smiled at the queer noises he makes, beast that I am! And the signore says that they mocked at him? *Diamine!* they deserve to have their tongues cut! If you will excuse me, I fly to see that they have not stunted him in his macaroni. They are misers in this hotel, veritable misers — and their wine of Asti no better than a *vin du pays*."

Beppo was darting off, when I stopped him, being anxious to know what Giannetto was doing with himself down-stairs. Beppo twisted his hands together — "It was for that I asked the Signor Conte if he knew who and what he was. He is strange! but very strange! First, he sits down, then he stands up, then he walks backwards and forwards thus" — and Beppo shambled about the room, till I could scarcely forbear laughing; "then he sits again, till a new idea strikes him — he leans out of the window, he walks anew. *Corpo di Bacco!* what a restless individual it is! One or two have spoken to him. Misé Brown, the maid of the signorine, said something to him — a compliment, a remark, who can tell? — but he made such a scowl at her, that she fled to me for protection, and has not ventured into the room since."

"Never mind, Beppo," I said; "you now know that it is all the restlessness of suspense. You see that he hopes that this may prove the turning-point of his whole life."

"But must he wait?" asked Beppo, with his usual energy. "Will not the Signor Conte write at once? There is the Doctor Bartolommei; to be sure he always goes into the country on Sundays. Then the Doctor Simon — he might come! But no, he is this day at Mentone — a consultation — an English milord is there ill; and this morning he was sent for even out of his bed, and went off in a vetturino-carriage at full gallop. But how about the English doctor who attends our young lady? The Signor Conte has but to command — I speed to

the English church; he will be there with his wife; I wait till he comes out; I bring him with me. Have I your permission?"

"Patience, patience, Beppo! the dinner! Man of energy, you forget the dinner! — *Chi va piano* —"

"*Va sano*; the Signor Conte is right — he is quite right; the poor lad must wait."

Early in the afternoon I wrote to the English doctor who was attending my daughter, briefly stating the case, and begging him to come as soon as possible. I received an answer that I might expect him after the afternoon service, which, as the weather was hot, began at five o'clock.

About half past four, Amy and I left our villa, intending to go to church; but as it was still too early, we lingered on our way, unwilling to arrive too soon. A curve in the road brought us in sight of Giannetto, leaning moodily against a tree, and I went up to speak to him. I could see by the expression of his face that the strain on his nerves was very great, and thought it kinder not to leave him quite to himself; so, telling Amy that we must give up the afternoon service, I asked her if she could think of anything we could take him to hear or see that would prevent his mind from dwelling too much on the subject of his anxieties. Amy thought for a moment, and then said, "I have heard that the famous Franciscan Fra Geronimo preaches at Santa Lucia this afternoon at four o'clock; the sermon must be going on now, and it is said that the effect he produces is wonderful. Why not take him there?" I thought that at all events we might try it; so, desiring Giannetto to follow us, we took our way to Santa Lucia. The streets were crowded as we passed; all the happy-looking peasants from the country round seemed to have flocked together to enjoy the Sunday afternoon; they chattered gaily as they strolled along, interchanging merry greetings, delighting in their well-earned holiday. A little child, with his hands full of flowers, passed us with his mother, a comely peasant-woman: the child looked wistfully over his shoulder at Giannetto; something on his face gave him a wish to comfort him, for suddenly darting back, he thrust the flowers into his hands.

We reached Santa Lucia, and found it full of people, who had thronged from far and near to hear the celebrated Franciscan preach. The sermon was apparently

half over, but I would not for worlds have missed the part of it we heard. The theme was patience; the text, "Wait ye upon the Lord."

The face of Fra Geronimo was refined, and thin to attenuation; the large eyes hollow and sunken, but gleaming as if the very soul looked through them upon this outer world; his thin, nervous hands gesticulated incessantly; his voice, powerful and somewhat harsh, now resounded through the church, now sank to a whisper so thrilling that it penetrated to the farthest corner.

"For what are we sent into the world?" he was saying as we entered—"for what are we here? To what end are we created? Some say, to eat and drink; some say, to make money; some say, to love. There are who say, for pleasure; there are who say, for sin! I say—to suffer. Yes, brethren; I see you turn away your heads! For what are we sent, but to suffer? Look at the infant wailing as he comes into the world; mark the career of that child. Suffering begins at once; he suffers as he grows, he suffers as he learns, he suffers as he loves; behold, he suffers as he lives, he suffers as he dies! What would you? By suffering, the world was redeemed; by suffering, heaven must be won! And wherefore rebel? I say to you, brethren, take suffering to your hearts; bid it welcome. It is the greatest blessing that can be sent to you; it will wean you from this world, and raise your thoughts, your hopes, your prayers to heaven. You are men now—suffer, and you may be saints! Look on St. Catherine, St. John, St. Peter—what were they but men and women like ourselves? Did not they, too, pass through the furnace of suffering? What are they now? Who can tell of the glory of the kingdom? Who can describe their robes of many colours, the jewels that adorn their brows? Behold," he cried in a voice of thunder, bringing forward the large crucifix which stood in the pulpit—"behold, and see! Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow? Alas! the flesh is weak, and crying and wailing abound in the land—Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not. The dying wailing because they must die; the living weeping that they must live; the strong man laments that his strength endureth not, the weak that he has not known strength; the lame man bemoaneth that he cannot walk, the deaf that he cannot hear, the dumb that he cannot speak" (I felt Giannetto

start and shiver). "I tell you, brethren, that for every pain endured here, a jewel is added to the crown, a joy to the heaven to come!"

The friar sank upon his knees, his face hidden in his hands. No mortal ear heard the prayer that was going up to God; but we knew that he was interceding for the multitude around him—"I pray, not that ye may be taken away, but that ye may endure unto the end."

Slowly, and in awed silence, the crowd dispersed; and out of the dark church, from the faint smell of flowers and incense, we passed into full sunshine again. I looked at Giannetto: the beads of perspiration stood on his brow; his hands were clenched with a force that must have given actual pain. I longed for the power of reading what was passing in his mind. Was it still rebellion that vexed his spirit, or had even a faint idea of the preacher's high and lofty meaning penetrated into the bitter, saddened heart? Amy was struggling with her tears.

Calm and lovely it all looked in the throbbing light, silent but for the quiet, even plash of the sea; the air was heavy with odours from the gardens of violets and roses, and the warm scent of the sweet-bay rose up as we trod the branches which had been allowed to grow too luxuriantly, almost across the path.

Under the verandah, overhung with cool, shadowy vine-leaves, Helen's couch had been drawn out; and there she lay, basking in the warmth, and looking better and stronger this evening than I had seen her for many a long day. The doctor had just arrived, and, with a strange feeling of anxiety and excitement, I called Giannetto, and led the way in doors.

The interview was not long. As I had feared, he held out no hopes whatever. Dumb from his birth! who had ever heard of such being cured? The fact which seemed to debar all hope was, that the doctor found the organs of speech perfect, only the power of utterance absent. He added, "You had better undeceive him at once—science is of no avail here; nothing but a miracle could impart a power denied by nature."

My conscience smote me when I heard the verdict. I could not help feeling that it might have been better to have left Giannetto undisturbed, vaguely hopeful, in his village home, rather than thus to have crushed all hope forever.

After the English doctor's departure, I told Giannetto, as gently as I could, what he had said, adding that he should see

Dr. Simon on the morrow, so that he should have more than one opinion on the matter. He stood without moving while I was speaking, and then, with a gentle, subdued manner, that went to my heart and brought the tears to my eyes, he took my hand and kissed it.

When Beppo came up to put out the lights that night, I asked anxiously what Giannetto was doing down-stairs. "He sits like a statue," was the reply. "I spoke to him; I told him the English doctors knew nothing—were ignorants—bah! one must tell lies sometimes—and I tell him the Doctor Simon, whom he will see to-morrow, is a marvel—a wonder; and I think he still hopes."

Beppo's sympathetic eyes were almost overflowing; so I did not reproach him, as perhaps I ought to have done, for still holding out delusive hopes.

The next morning M. Simon, the French doctor, called and saw Giannetto, at an hour earlier than he had appointed, and unfortunately while I was out. When I returned home I was met by Beppo at the door, with a face full of consternation—Giannetto had disappeared.

#### CHAPTER III.

I WAS very much alarmed when the whole day passed, and I heard and saw nothing of Giannetto. I could only hope and trust that he had gone straight home again. Beppo told me that the French doctor had been very harsh and rough. "Why could he not wait till my return?" I asked; for I felt that my presence would certainly have made things easier. "Ah, *signor mio*, so I said; but he would not wait. I told him you would be in at once; but he would not wait. That doctor is a beast—a heart of stone—a horror! '*Morbleu!*' he said, 'do you take me for a saint, that I can cure a man who is dumb from his birth? Or would you make a fool of me?' They are all alike, these doctors; they think if a poor fellow is of the lower class they may be as insolent to him as they like."

"And Giannetto, how did he bear it?"

"Poor fellow, he ground his teeth and clenched his hands; he went off to the kitchen, took down his bundle, and walked off without so much as good-day to you! I called after him to bid him be in for dinner, for I was sure that the Signor Conte would wish to see him again; but he paid no attention, and walked straight on."

This was all I could learn from Beppo. I next went to see Dr. Simon, whom I

found very much disposed to be impertinent. I could not help reproaching him strongly for his harsh treatment of Giannetto, and finally told him of his abrupt departure, and asked him what he would feel if he heard that he had committed suicide? He looked as much scared as I had hoped he would be, notwithstanding his "Ah, bah!" and I left him to digest the unpalatable idea.

I was met by Beppo in a sort of triumph, brandishing a broken piece of slate. Before leaving, Giannetto had written a few words on it, broken off the piece, and left it lying on the kitchen table. "Dear and noble sir," were his words, "receive my thanks a thousand times; it grieves me not to see you again. I hasten home; for the heart will not bear to wish you good-bye.—GIOVAN-BATTISTA NENCINI."

There was nothing to be done. I determined to make another expedition to San Jacopo before finally leaving Nice, and meantime to do my best to forget the sad eyes that constantly haunted me.

The late autumn waned into winter, and it proved a bad, wet season. Helen caught fresh cold, and for some time we were very anxious about her. We grew tired of bustling, dusty Nice—Amy especially hated it; the perpetual sameness of the tideless sea wearied and dispirited her. It was quite a relief when, one night, a frightful storm came up: the sea lashed itself into waves mountains high, which broke roaring on to the beach; the lightning played hissing over their foam-crowned tops; and a never-ceasing roll of thunder shook the purple pall-like sky. I stood out on the balcony, watching the sea, till the rain came on, suddenly, tremendously; it fell more like the breaking of a waterspout than mere rain—drenching, pitiless, tearing down shrubs and trees, turning the roads into running rivers, and the garden into a sheet of water.

I stood watching it for a long time, wondering whether it would do much harm, when it flashed across me that San Jacopo must be suffering severely, closed in as it was by rocks and sea. Before going to bed, I resolved to pay another visit to my friends there. But *l'homme propose, Dieu dispose*. It was more than a month before I was able to leave Nice, and carry out my intention. As before, I walked there, knapsack on my back, spending about three nights on the way. The storm had done considerable damage to the main road, portions

of which had been washed away, and only rudely mended to allow the diligences to run; some of the bridges appeared actually dangerous, torn and shaken as they had been by the fearful force of the swollen torrents. Seeing these signs of devastation, I became more uneasy than ever as I drew near San Jacopo.

It was on a bright sunny morning that I arrived, and at sight of me a general shout was raised by children of all sizes and ages, who went rushing off to tell the *curato* that the English signore had come back.

I walked on through the streets, when I was suddenly met by Carola, running as fast as she could; she had heard from the children of my arrival. She caught hold of my hands, she kissed them, crying between sobs and laughter, "Thanks! thanks be to God, you are come again! And you bring me news? You have seen him? You know where he is? Did he return to you? Ah, answer! answer, signore, for the love of heaven! my boy, is he with you?"

My very heart turned cold within me. What! had he never returned? Where was he, then? Just as I was about to speak, a gentle, firm hand was laid on Carola's shoulder, and the good *curato*, parting the little crowd of children who were gaping round us, took me by the hand and drew me into the nearest house. Carola followed, repeating constantly, "Answer, signore!—dear signore, answer! where is he?"

I turned breathlessly to the priest, "And do you mean that he has never been home?"

"Yes, yes—he has been home; but he has gone again, and you then have not seen him lately?" "Alas! no"—and poor Carola sank down on a chair, sobbing as if her heart would break. Another woman, the owner of the house, whom I had not noticed before, but who, I afterwards learnt, was Pietro's wife, Baldo- vinetta Zei, sat down by her, and, unable to offer any consolation, stroked her hand and cried also.

The *curato* looked sadly changed, as if years had passed over his head in those few months. He glanced pityingly at the women, and then said, "Since Vossignoria has nothing to tell them, perhaps he will follow me. I should like to tell him what has passed, and hear what he thinks of it."

I rose and followed him. As we left the house, I heard a little low cry from

Carola. Alas! she saw in my departure the vanishing of another hope.

The streets were crowded with people, watching me curiously as I followed the priest, who led me straight through the piazza to his own house. We entered, and with a movement of his hand he bade me be seated.

It was a small square room, the walls washed with yellow paint, and adorned with a series of coloured prints of the stations of the cross. Over the little stove hung a rudely-carved wooden crucifix. The only ornament in the room consisted of a little coloured wax figure of the infant Saviour asleep, lying under a glass case, and with two brass vases of gaudy artificial flowers on each side of it. The furniture, a square deal table and two wooden chairs, was of the roughest description.

The priest seated himself opposite to me, and leaning his arms on the table, fixed his eyes on my face, and said, very impressively, "Will Vossignoria tell me exactly what the doctors said?" I repeated their opinions as nearly, word for word, as I could recollect. The priest shuddered slightly, and repeated, to my surprise, "And Vossignoria assures me, on his sacred word of honour, that the doctors declared a cure to be impossible?" "It is too true," I answered, "they laughed at the very idea. They pronounced the dumbness to proceed from a defect, an incompleteness (if you may so call it), which no science can remedy—that it is impossible, in short, that he should obtain the power of speech now, or at any future time."

The priest was silent for a moment, evidently thinking deeply; then he turned to me and said, "Vossignoria will be astonished at what I have to tell him, and perhaps he may be able to help me to understand it. He remembers, doubtless, that it was on the Monday morning that poor Giannetto left Nice: well, he must have walked night and day; for on Wednesday, after I had finished celebrating low mass, I found him crouched upon his knees in a corner of the church, having stolen in unobserved. He looked ill, but very ill, with a somewhat of despair in his face, which alarmed us all. For days he crept about his work like one in a dream. At that season the fish came in in shoals, and the village was very prosperous. I had at this time many talks with Pietro—I entreated, I implored him to let Giannetto alone, and I believe that he

did; at least, he promised me he would do so: but, alas! youth is youth. I have reason to think that there was occasional ridicule at Giannetto's folly in having hoped to be cured, and that more than once he overheard it. On one occasion, for instance, a man came to the village, who had been a singer in the chorus at the opera at Florence. He was a good-natured, merry fellow; he laughed, and joked, and sang incessantly. Alas! my poor Giannetto, he has a passionate love for music! He was never tired of listening; and when the singer sang, his face became quite softened and happy. The man only stayed two days, and then went away. The fishermen, I fear—I am sure—laughed at Giannetto a good deal about that; but they did not see him afterwards as I did, lying face downwards in the vineyard, weeping his very heart out. I was glad—yes, signore, strange as you may think it, I was glad to see him weep, for I hoped that it would soften the hardness of his despair. Alas! has Vossignoria ever seen a torrent burst its bed and tear down shrubs and trees in its headlong career? *Santi Apostoli!* such a torrent was the grief of my Giannetto. It left the rock more bare and hard than before, and swept away the small herbs and flowers, the little charities of life, till I scarcely knew him again. Alas! he was to me as a dear son, and I have borne with him in patience and in tears."

Much moved, I held out my hand to the priest, who pressed it gratefully, and resumed his story.

"Without doubt Vossignoria saw something of the frightful storm we had; it is now a month ago. Alas! it has put an end to the prosperity of the place for a long time to come. Has the signore observed more than half the olive-trees are gone? and we looked much to them for help when times were bad. Old Nicolo's cottage, that stood near the hill in its own little vineyard, was completely washed away. Has Vossignoria remarked a little thread of water which comes down the hill just above the town? Well, that stream became a raging river. By the mercy of God it did not burst the embankment behind the church, but it carried away Nicolo's cottage and many a shed, and destroyed the gardens, and, worst of all, drowned two of the poor mules; their bodies drifted out to the sea, and we saw them no more. The storm began about five o'clock in the evening, and at the first sign of its ap-

proach, the boats all came homewards swiftly as birds on the wing. I stood on the shore and counted them as they came in, one after another, and the women stood with me watching. The morning had been fine and clear, and many of the boats had gone far out to sea—much further than usual—and we were very anxious. About seven o'clock the sea rose frightfully, and three or four of the boats were still missing—Masaniello's, our oldest fisherman, Pietro's, Andrea Castagno's, and Giannetto's. The wind was so high, that many a time we had to lie flat on the beach to avoid being blown off our feet; and the women wept and wailed incessantly. About half past seven the broken timbers of a boat were washed ashore. Ah! if you had seen how the women flung themselves upon them, and almost fought as they strove to recognize the fragments. Alas! a fearful cry from poor Andrea's wife told that she knew only too well that she was now a widow. Andrea's boat had been old and crazy, and he was building a new one—poor fellow! He was not a good man, but she loved him, after the fashion of women. His body was washed up on the bank the next morning about a mile from here along the coast. Later still, Masaniello came in; he had fought hard for his life, and was quite exhausted. We were now but three on the beach; and it was so dark, that but for the fitful glare of the lightning we could have seen nothing. The two women, Carola and Baldovinetta, clung to each other, and I stood by them. *Santa Maria!* it was a fearful night! All through those long hours we kept the church-bell ringing—I hoped it might be some help in guiding the boats. About twelve o'clock we heard a loud shout, which resounded even through the roar of the thunder, and a flash of lightning showed us a little boat, tossed like a nutshell from wave to wave, but coming steadily onward. It was hard to bear the long pauses of complete darkness in that terrible suspense, and I could only help by kneeling and praying aloud. At last there came a crash on the shingle, a cry of exultation, and Pietro and Baldovinetta were in each other's arms. Thanks be to God! thanks, thanks, *O Madre Santissima*, he was saved!"

The priest paused in his narrative, and I could scarcely control my impatience. To my surprise he suddenly turned to me again, and said, "Vossignoria is quite certain about what the doctors said?—

there can be no mistake?—other doctors would have said the same?" "Quite certain," I repeated—I fear somewhat impatiently. "It was a fool's errand from the first; the case is absolutely an incurable one. But finish, I beg of you, finish your story."

The priest looked at me wistfully. "Alas!" he said, "there is, then, no doubt that it could not be cured? But pardon, a thousand pardons! you wish me to continue. Well, all night long Carola and I waited on the beach; she seated herself on the ground, clasping her hands round her knees, and watching in agony. About two o'clock the storm began to abate, and the clouds broke; a wild moon broke out, and shone fitfully on the boiling waves. The moon grew paler, and the first sign of dawn began to streak the heavens; the wind sank to a hollow moaning murmur, and we sat on, waiting and watching, *Maria Santissima!* it was fearful! As the light increased, I could see Carola's face—it was like that of the dead; she could scarcely speak—her voice sounded faint and far off.

"As the morning drew slowly on, it became bitterly cold; and, worn out and drenched as she was, I tried to persuade Carola to go in-doors, but she would not; she sat rocking herself backwards and forwards, and moaning. At last—and how long it was it is difficult to tell—I heard a sound from the sea as of singing, the strange wild singing of something that was rather a sound than a song! Carola shuddered violently and grasped my arm, 'What is that?' she cried; '*Santa Madonna!* what can that be?' I know not why, but an indescribable horror seemed to seize on me also. 'It is nothing, Carola, nothing at all,' I kept saying. We, however, strained our eyes through the gloom, and, oh heaven! we saw a boat coming towards us, at one time riding on the waves, at another disappearing in the deep trough. Heaven help me, I cannot think of it now! It was washed in to our very feet; and Giannetto, our Giannetto, stood safe and in life before us! Signor Conte, signore, you shall not say—you cannot say—it was incurable! His tongue was loosened. I repeat, it could not have been incurable—for he spake plain!"

The perspiration stood like beads on the brow of the priest, and he grasped my arm—"What do you think of it? Answer! say—will you not tell me what you think of it?"

What could I say? I never was so astonished in my life. I could only repeat, "Cured, you say? cured?"

"Yes, yes, cured—why not? I repeat, why not? Nobody can say a thing is incurable!"

"It is wonderful, marvellous! And Giannetto, he is happy? he is enraptured—grateful?"

"Alas!" answered the priest, loosening his hold on my arm, and sinking back in his chair, "a very strange and fearful change has come over Giannetto. The day after our wonderful deliverance, I held a thanksgiving service. I had services all day long. My parishioners flocked into the church—they knelt all day; all were there, from Masaniello down to Tonino, Pietro's youngest child. Giannetto alone was missing. I went in search of him; I pointed out to him that, of all, he was the one from whom most thanks were due. He refused; he turned on his heel with a scornful gesture; nothing would induce him to enter the church. Not a word of thanksgiving has he offered since, nor would he listen to counsel from myself. The neighbours who had mocked him before now shunned and avoided him, and even Carola grew terrified. It is now a week that he has been gone; he kissed his mother coldly, as if all love for her was dead in his heart; he passed Pietro in the street with a low-breathed curse; and we have neither seen nor heard of him since. God forgive him! terrible fears haunt me at times that all is not with him as it should be—that God has for a while forgotten him, or given him over to the powers of evil. But, for pity's sake, do not repeat that the doctors said that it was incurable; it could not be that it was incurable. Giannetto, my son, my son! rather had I seen thee washed dead to my feet, than have lived to hear thee forswear the God that made thee!"

I was horrified by the strange words of the priest; the more I thought of it, the more it puzzled me.

"Then Giannetto gave no account of the manner in which he recovered his speech? no explanation whatever?"

"None. He absolutely refused to answer any questions; it was his own affair, he said. Poor Carola! At first her joy was very great, but it was soon dashed to the ground; for Giannetto was no longer the dutiful and tender son she had loved so well. I cannot, cannot understand it. I try not to think about it, for it makes me hard and bitter

towards Pietro and his friends. I cannot help fearing that it is to a great degree owing to their cruel taunts that he has been tempted into something wild and accursed."

It was indeed a strange story, and left me with an uneasy feeling—a vain wish that my own part in the tragedy had been left unplayed. I left money with the priest, who was very grateful, for times were no longer so prosperous at San Jacopo as they had been; and I returned to Nice sad and bewildered.

#### CHAPTER IV.

FIVE or six years passed in England of a busy life had almost effaced any recollection of Giannetto from my mind; or I should perhaps say, had reduced the whole strange story to a sort of dream.

Amy was married; Helen had quite recovered her health; and nothing had occurred to cause our return to Nice, when we suddenly made up our minds to go to Italy for the winter, for the pleasure of the change. For a long time I hesitated between Rome and Florence, finally deciding in favour of the latter, as being the best for masters for Helen. We at first thought of going by the Riviera route, in order to revisit our old haunts; but hearing that we were likely to be delayed by the badness of the roads, we changed our minds, and crossed Mont Cenis, taking our way straight to Florence. Some friends had already secured us a villa half-way up to Fiesole, and there we took up our abode.

Those who know Florence as it is now, can scarcely realize what it used to be before the innumerable changes and innovations, especially on the side of Fiesole. It is sad to miss those grand old walls, throwing their deep cool shadows over the houses; and your recollections are confounded by finding yourself wandering in streets and squares, where in former days the country, as it were, kissed the town.

Our villa was lovely. About half-way up the ascent to Fiesole you come upon a little village, grouped picturesquely round its church, San Domenico by name. The road leading up to it is bordered by cypress hedges; and here, as one walks, one invariably finds a small flock of lean, bearded goats stretching their almost unnaturally long bodies to crop the uppermost shoots. Before reaching the church, you turn to the right down a rather steep lane, and about

a quarter of a mile brings you to the gate of our villa.

The view over the Val d'Arno was a constant source of delight to us; for hours we sat on the terrace outside our windows sketching, impatient at the impossibility of transferring to paper those soft and delicate tints. I have heard some people complain of the sameness of Florentine colouring, and it is possible that it may be so; but the sameness is inexpressibly beautiful, the cool grey of the dusky olive-trees giving the tone to the whole country. Every evening the setting sun flooded the valley, till it seemed to float in lilac and crimson; and far away on the clear horizon, faintly shadowed out, you have the broken lines of the Carrara mountains. That was the hour for hopelessly throwing brush and easel aside, and drinking in the scene with an ecstasy one seldom knows out of Italy: it fades, it passes away, that wondrous glow; and far and near, from the great bells of the Duomo in the plain, to the faint tinkling sound from the convent high above us on the heights of Fiesole, comes the summons to prayer, and every peasant removes his hat, and lays down his tools, to cross himself and mutter an *Ave Maria*.

We led a quiet, uneventful life that winter. Every morning Helen drove down into Florence to her lessons, or had masters at the villa; and we sometimes spent the rest of the day sight-seeing in the town, or wandering in the country round.

One day Beppo came into my room, flourishing a paper wildly in his hand. "Signor Conte, Signor Conte!" he shouted—"mad that I am, I forgot to show you this; and now it will be too late to take tickets. It was that cook; he has been worrying again with his eternal demands for more cognac for his puddings. Little enough of it goes into our dining-room, I tell him. And I forgot to show the Signor Conte this"—and he began reading in a loud voice, "For two nights only. The famous *primo tenore*, Signore Giovanni.' And the signore has never heard him! What a chance—and thrown away owing to that *maladetto* cook!"

"What is it, Beppo? who is he?" "Who is he? What! has not the signore heard of the new tenor—the singer who has made such a *furor* in Russia, and who has now come to sing for the first time in Italy, though he is an Italian born and bred?"

"I have heard of him, papa," cried Helen, "and I should so much like to hear him. My master gave him some lessons two years ago, and he says that he is the most magnificent *tenore di forza* he ever heard in his life."

"True, it is quite true, signorina. It is said that when you have heard him sing, you can listen to no one else. And he has studied both at the Scala and in Russia. But speak only, and I fly to see whether it is too late to secure places. The grand duke himself is to be there."

I gave Beppo permission, and he darted off. Alas! it was too late; every seat was taken in the Pergola theatre. Helen was much disappointed; but she insisted upon my walking down on the chance of being able to get in, to stand at least for a quarter of an hour, and report whether the new tenor was really as great a singer as he was supposed to be. In vain I assured her that wherever we might go, these great singers were sure to appear in time, in all probability in London, the very next season. She insisted, and prevailed.

It was such a fine, cold, frosty evening, that I enjoyed the walk down to Florence very much. I went rather late to the opera-house, and found, as I had expected, not a single vacant seat—some, indeed, had been doubly let for half the night to each person. Just, however, as I was turning away, the box-keeper called me back. "Look you, signore," he said; "there is a little space—a *very* little space—within the door, where I have not yet put a chair. Would the signore mind having a stool—a *very* little stool—put in there for him to sit on? He will not see very well; but, after all, one comes to hear these things, not to see." At this moment a burst of applause, loud and long, resounded through the house; and, my curiosity vividly excited, I accepted the offer of the box-keeper, and seated myself on the stool—the truly "very little stool"—he provided for me.

Every one knows how critical is a Florentine audience—how unforgiving if time and tune are not perfect—how chary of their applause, how lavish of their hisses; but to-night the whole house was carried away by its enthusiasm.

The piece was "Lucrezia Borgia;" and as I came in, Giovanni was singing "*Di pescator ignobile*." It was the most lovely voice I could have imagined—round, and full, and sweet—evidently having reached its full perfection; the

style also was highly finished; there was no rawness, no want of study,—all that art, combined with the rarest natural gifts, could do, made the new tenor's singing the most beautiful thing I could have dreamt of.

The time passed only too quickly, and the first two acts were over before I began to look about me. At this moment the head of the box-keeper was suddenly thrust in at the door, and he broke in abruptly on my meditations.

"Signore, Signore Inglese! will he look at that box at the end?—no, not that one—the stage-box. Does he see a lady there—a young lady, with an old lady beside her? That is Signora Giovanni, the wife of the *primo tenore*. Beautiful, is she not? And that is her mother, Signora Celeste. They have taken that box for both nights—they say she always goes to hear her husband sing; and she waits in the carriage for him to come out when it is over."

"Is she an Italian?" I asked.

"Italian? Most certainly. She is Florentine; her father is an *impiegato*; he holds office under the government—a man of position here, the Cavaliere Mattei; and it was thought a poor marriage for one of his daughters, when, two years ago, she took an opera-singer as her husband. But, *cospetto!* she is likely to be the richest of the family."

The man withdrew his head as abruptly as it had been protruded; and, with enhanced curiosity, I raised my glass to look at the occupants of the stage-box.

Signora Celeste was what most Italian women become after a certain age, singularly ugly and haggard, a perfect foil to her daughter who sat beside her. Signora Giovanni could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen at that time, but she looked older. The contour of her face was perfect, her eyes very large, and so dark, that they made the clear olive complexion yet paler by the contrast. She was dressed in black, and wore the heavy masses of her hair turned back from her brow, after the fashion of almost all Florentine women. But I was even more charmed by the extreme sweetness of her expression than by her beauty, which was very considerable.

Giovanni was ill-supported on the stage. Binda, the bass, was a loud and rather rough singer; the *prima donna* sang well, though her voice was past its prime; and the contralto was mediocre: but the public had only eyes and ears for

him, and good-naturedly ignored their shortcomings. Giovanni was a fine-looking man, and apparently made no use of the paints and artificial helps to good looks generally supposed to be indispensable on the stage.

While I was looking at him, it suddenly occurred to me that somehow — somewhere — I had seen him before, and I could not get rid of the impression. So strong was it, that I determined to wait outside after the performance for the chance of seeing him in plain clothes, and satisfying my curiosity.

The piece ended, and the people flocked out. I stood in the lobby, idly watching them as they passed, and listening to their remarks. The crowd gave way a little, and Signora Celeste and her daughter passed through and entered their carriage, which drove off a little way, and then stopped (as the box-keeper had told me) to wait for Giovanni.

At last the whole audience had slowly dispersed, and I began to think myself a fool, and prepared to start homewards, when I heard voices behind me, and the *prima donna's* carriage was called for. She came sweeping forward, her scarlet *bourneous* thrown over one shoulder. "Bravo, Signor Giovanni!" she said as she passed, glancing back at the rest of the singers who were following her.

Giovanni bowed gravely.

"*Corpo di Bacco*, what bitter cold!" muttered Binda, as he took Giovanni's arm and drew his cloak round him. The truth flashed across me, and suddenly, without thinking, I exclaimed aloud, "Giannetto!" The great tenor started violently and looked round at me. He made, however, no sign of recognition, but walked on down the street with his companions. I heard Binda's deep voice — "Good night, my friend," and Giovanni's short answer, "The same to you;" and then, concluding that I was mistaken, and had been deceived by a casual resemblance, I lit a cigar, and turned towards Fiesole.

I heard swift steps behind me, and felt my hands grasped suddenly. "Signore, Signor Conte! is it really you?"

"Then it is Giannetto!" I exclaimed; "will wonders never cease?"

"Hush, hush!" said the tenor, looking uneasily round him, and especially at the carriage, which still waited a little way down the street. "The signore will understand — circumstances alter. There are times when it is best not to remember too much — he has understood?"

"I understand," I answered rather sadly. "But, Signor Giovanni, come and see me at home; I should like to see you again where we can converse more easily."

"Willingly, most willingly," he answered. I gave him my address; and, grasping my hand cordially, he left me. I watched his slight active figure as he went down the street, jumped into the carriage, and drove off; and, hardly believing that I could be in my right senses, I returned home.

The next morning I told Helen what had happened. She was astonished beyond measure. We tried once more to get seats in the opera-house for Giovanni's last performance, but did not succeed, much to her disappointment.

When three or four days had passed without my hearing or seeing anything of Giannetto, I began to think that he wished to avoid me. I heard of him everywhere in Florence, received and courted in society, and very popular. His wife went with him, and was in the habit of accompanying him on the piano-forte when he vouchsafed to sing in a private house — a favour but seldom conferred.

One day, however, towards the end of the week, a little open fly drove up to the door; and Beppo, in a slightly awestruck voice, announced Signor Giovanni.

I looked at Beppo, and saw that he felt very much puzzled. I fancied he had recognized Giannetto, and hastily sent Helen after him to warn him not to say a word to his fellow-servants till I had had time to speak to him.

I motioned to Giannetto to seat himself, which he did so much with the air of a gentleman and equal, that I was more and more astonished.

"I must apologize, Signor Conte," he began, "for not having sooner availed myself of your permission to call upon you; but you are doubtless aware that a man in my position has engagements he cannot escape from — and I study much still, for I have had to combat with a certain inflexibility of voice, which at last begins to yield."

"Inflexibility!" I exclaimed, "surely —"

He smiled. "I am rejoiced that you did not remark it."

At the risk of being thought inquisitive, and possibly impertinent, I could not help saying, "Giannetto, ever since I first saw you, I have felt the deepest in-

terest in your career; would it annoy you were I to ask how you attained your present position—in short, what your history has been since you left San Jacopo?"

"Signor Conte," he answered, "you have but to command—I will tell you."

"First," I began hesitatingly—"believe me, it is not idle curiosity that prompts my question—can you not tell me in what manner your voice was restored?"

He made a haughty and impatient movement, and the red blood mounted into his face, dying it to the very roots of his hair.

I saw I had gone too far. "I ask a thousand pardons," I began; but he cut me short. "It is unnecessary," he said. "The Signor Conte has a right to ask what he pleases. I must also reserve to myself the option of answering or remaining silent as I think necessary, and on this sole point I cannot satisfy him."

"When I left San Jacopo I had but a few *lire* in my pocket. They were, however, enough to enable me to get to Turin, walking all the way. I was at first almost starved; but I kept up heart, learnt one or two of the popular songs of the year, and sang them in the *cafés* of the poor people for a few *soldi* at a time. The Signor Conte has heard my voice—it was as good then as it is now, though, certainly, it was quite uncultivated. It gained me a small reputation which spread rapidly."

"At last, one day I was sent for by an American gentleman, who had heard of me through his servants. Who or what he was I know not; he was a certain Smit of Boston. He made me sing to him, and then offered to pay for a musical education for me at Milan, at Florence—in short, wherever I would—provided that I would bind myself ten years to pay him the half of all I should gain from the time when my education should be completed. I asked for time to consider his proposal, and consulted a certain Nicolini, a music-seller, with whom I had made a sort of acquaintance. He strongly advised me to refuse, which I did, though it was much against my own inclination."

"The American left Turin. I then offered myself at the opera as a chorus-singer, and in that way earned enough to get through the year. At last to my astonishment, the manager of the theatre offered to pay for my education if I would undertake to sing in his theatre for

three months a year for five years after I became a singer."

"I again consulted Nicolini, who this time advised me to accept. I chose the Scala by his advice, and studied hard, supporting myself meanwhile as I best could. Vossignoria knows that I can write, thanks to the priest of San Jacopo; and I taught myself to copy music, and was much employed by musicians as a copyist. But it was difficult to support myself at that time."

"I used to copy music a good deal for the Cavaliere Mattei, a political agent of the grand duke of Tuscany at Milan."

"The cavaliere was a great dilettante, passionately fond of music, and a violinist himself. When he found out how very poor I was, he helped me with both money and good advice. Ah! he has a good heart, that Filippo Mattei! He allowed me also to consort with his family; his wife, Signora Celeste, was kindness itself, and many a word of encouragement she has spoken to me since I first made acquaintance with her. The children—there were four—became my friends. The eldest of them, Elvira, was then still a child; she was fourteen years old, but she was so good, so dear, that even then I began to hope that at some future time her father might give her to me. I never concealed my birth," he continued, proudly; "they all know that I was but a poor fisherman. But more than that I have not told, and none can say that I have done an injustice. But patience! do I not weary the signore? It is too good of him to be thus interested."

"No, no; pray, Giannetto, go on."

"Well, my education was completed—that is to say, the Scala pronounced it completed—within a year; and I returned to Turin, and sang there for the first time in public, with a certain success. The manager was generous; he allowed me a good half of the three months' gains, and by his recommendations enabled me to obtain a first-rate engagement at the court of St. Petersburg for two years. After I had been there awhile, I made much money—a real fortune; and I wrote to the manager asking him for what sum he would release me from my engagement. He named a very large one. But I paid it, every *soldo*, and rejoiced in feeling that I was once more my own master."

"Two years ago I came to Florence, having obtained a short holiday. I found

the Mattei returned here. Elvira was not yet betrothed; she was seventeen, beautiful as an angel, and good as she was beautiful. I hardly dared ask Mattei, but he gave a free consent; and my Elvira accompanied me back to St Petersburg as my wife. I am happy, Signor Conte; do you not look on me as the happiest and luckiest of men?"

He laughed a curious little grating laugh.

I looked at him hesitatingly, and then said, "And, Giannetto, can you tell me nothing of the mother — of Carola? She must be getting old now, and feeling lonely — a widow, bereaved also of her child."

He answered hastily, "She is very well; I occasionally hear of her from the *curato* of our village. She is a great lady now," he added, smiling, "and need do no work but for her own pleasure; but I hear that she still lives in the little old house."

"And the *curato*, he also is well?"

"Yes, yes, quite well — that is, I believe so; but I have not been there myself, and he is the only man in the miserable little place that can read and write, and he is not a man to say much about himself."

He spoke irritably, and I could well see that he disliked all allusion to his former condition.

Again I felt tempted to apologize, when a feeling of indignation cut me short. What right had he to feel like this towards his best and earliest friend? and, but for curiosity, I should hardly have prolonged the conversation. In spite of myself, there was a fascination about him, or rather in connection with his history, which I could not resist.

When he next spoke it was in a very different manner — "May I ask the Signor Conte if the young ladies are well? Are they settled in life, or still with you?" And on hearing that Helen was still with me, he said, rather doubtfully, "I scarcely dare to ask it; but if you permitted it, might I present my wife to you and the Signorina Helen? She would esteem it a great honour, and dies already to kiss your hands, for I have told her that I lie under great obligations to you."

"Indeed," I interrupted hastily, "I must disclaim all gratitude from you. I have often regretted —" I stopped abruptly, for the dark flush once more rose almost painfully into Giannetto's face. He bowed gravely and said, "I

must hope, Signor Conte, that my future career will give you no reason to regret having been the first to awaken my ambition. Will you consent to my request?"

I told him that Helen and I would call and pay our respects to his wife, and asked for his address.

"We are at present staying with the Mattei, No. 12 Borgo Pinti," he answered. "And the Signora Celeste will feel much gratified at the honour you will confer upon her, in visiting Elvira at her house. And now, signore, I relieve you of my presence." He rose and took up his hat. "I have the honour to wish you good morning."

And bowing low, he took his leave in the same gentlemanlike manner with which he had entered.

#### CHAPTER V.

HELEN and I called at the *palazzo* where the Mattei family were living a very few days after Giannetto's visit.

Up a long, carpe less stair we climbed, and arrived at an iron grate on the third floor, where we pulled, or rather shook, a dilapidated bell. For a long time no one came; then the face of a housemaid looked through the opposite door, and a shrill voice shouted the usual Italian question, "*Chi è?*"

"Is the Signora Mattei in the house?" inquired Beppo, in reply. "Of course she is, at this hour," answered the woman; and drawing a key out of her pocket, she proceeded slowly to open the grate.

Beppo gave her my card, and she hurried away with it, leaving us standing on the landing-place. After a few moments she returned, and saying, "Enter, enter, signore!" she led the way through a large empty ante-room into what was evidently used as a music-room.

It was a large room, the centre occupied by a grand piano, on the extremity of which lay masses of music, songs, accompaniments, and what looked like manuscript violin-music. Round the room were long red-covered seats or divans. The walls were painted a pale-buff colour, and the curtains matched them in hue. Two or three tables stood at one end of the room, and on these were carefully arranged various trifling ornaments, such as photographs in cases, Paris *bonbonnières*, bits of Florentine mosaic, &c. &c.

Bidding us be seated, the servant fidgeted about the room a little, and then

said, "Vossignori are foreigners?" Much amused, I told her we were English. "Ah!" she said, "doubtless the signori have come a long, long way. La Signora Mattei dearly loves the English. She once, years ago, knew an English lady, and stayed two days —" She broke off; for a shrill voice shouted from the inner room, "Violante, O Violante!" "I come, I come!" she cried; and making a sort of deprecating shrug at me, as much as to say, "You see we can have no more conversation just now," she hurried out of the room.

We again waited some moments; then a door on the opposite side of the room opened, and a gentle, venerable old gentleman came forward. "*S'accommodino* — be seated, I beg," he began; "these signori do us too much honour to call on us — on my daughter, I should rather say. La Signora Mattei is a woman of much spirit; she is busy at this hour, but she will be here directly." He was a fine-looking old man, with long, silky white hair, and a very sweet, courteous expression, particularly when he smiled. His hands were covered with brown cloth mittens; and occasionally he kept up the old custom of slowly fumbling in his pocket for a large tortoise-shell snuff-box, which he made use of with much zest.

"I hope," he continued, "that the signorina diverts herself in Florence? There is much that is interesting if she has a love of art. Perhaps she is herself an amateur, and occasionally studies in our galleries?"

I told him that we were staying at Florence much for purposes of study, and then proceeded to make him my compliments on the reputation of his son-in-law.

He bowed, laying his hand on his heart. "The Signor Conte is too good. Without doubt, Giovanni has talent; he will be a great singer. I tell him he should go to England. I was there myself once — it is now twenty years — and I know London well. Yes, yes; it is there he would make a fortune. They know nothing of our language, those English, — the Signor Conte is *Scossese*, he speaks like a native, — but they appreciate the talent, and they pay well. I myself heard the Pasta sing, and heard the English say, 'Beautiful, beautiful! but what did she sing? — was it not German, or was it French?' Still, not the less do they pay well."

"I hope Signor Giovanni will come to England," said Helen, rather timidly; "at least he will find better support there

in the theatre, for all the best artists find their way to London."

"Ah, it is a wonderful place!" continued the Cavaliere Mattei. "Without doubt, Florence appears very small to you; and my son-in-law tells me that St. Petersburg —"

He was interrupted by the door flying open, and the abrupt entrance of Signora Celeste, followed by her daughter. It was as if a whirlwind had burst into the room. "Good morning, Signor Conte. Signorina Elena, I have the honour to salute you. I hope I see you in good health. It grieved me to hear from my son-in-law that you are not strong. Be seated. We have heard much of you from Giovanni. He tells me," she continued, without taking breath, "that he made acquaintance with you some years ago at Nice, and that he lies under obligations to you. We are grateful," she added; "you do us great honour in visiting us thus, and the opportunity of offering you our thanks we shall hold very dear."

I endeavoured to disclaim all thanks, but she did not pause.

"And the signorina, does she divert herself in Florence? I fear but little goes on at this moment. She has without doubt visited the Cascine every Sunday afternoon? The grand duchess is almost always there, and it is very gay. Do the signori contemplate being here for the Carnival? There are to be great doings this year; and certain signori of the principal families are to have balls. The signorina without doubt loves dancing? She is of an age to do so. Elvira loved it much formerly; but since she is married she is quite changed, — she thinks of nothing but her husband and child, and the music. Really, it is a trial of patience — a weariness — when she and her father and Giovanni begin with their everlasting music. Not a word can one get in. And what with the violin and the pianoforte, and now Binda, now La Caprera, coming in to practise with Giovanni, life is a burden. The people in the streets come under the windows to listen, but I hope I may have put a stop to that; for when they are all listening, Violante and I are often obliged to throw water and vegetables out of the window. Can I help it? — bah! one must keep one's house clean!"

"Assuredly," said the cavaliere, mildly. "But wherefore thus outrage their feelings? Poor souls! it is to them a great diversion."

She quietly ignored his words. "And the Signor Conte has taken the Villa Vacchini?" she continued. "La Signora Vacchini is one in a thousand! an excellent person; she is much my friend. Without doubt, it is her agent Signor Ettore Bonifazio who has arranged with these signori? He is a good man; but, *Santa Maria!* what fat! he is a hill—a mountain! La Vacchini at one time had it in her mind to marry him; but I said to her, 'Lucia, my dear, beware; it is a sack—a mountain—you would marry. An agitation—a slight fright—he is seized with an apoplexy, and you are again a widow!' Had I not reason? And she is in good circumstances. She has a large hotel in the Piazza Nuova, which foreigners frequent much; and she has also the Villa Vacchini, and certain olive and vine yards in the hills near the Certosa. I hope," she continued, suddenly breaking off, "that you remain satisfied that she does well by you?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "All I have had to ask for has been done excellently by Signor Bonifazio."

"I rejoice to hear it; for if it had not been so, I would have said to her, 'Lucia, it is a shame, a wickedness, that you have not attended better to these foreigners that are so kind and so good.' My second daughter, l'Adelaide, is betrothed to her eldest son; he wanted Elvira, but even at that time, when Giovanni was in Russia, I could see that her heart——"

"Mamma, for pity's sake," broke in the sweet voice of Giovanni's wife, the first words I had heard her speak. My attention had been fully occupied by the mother, while Helen had been equally busily engaged in extracting gentle monosyllables from Elvira.

The young wife looked very pretty and very shy, but there was somewhat of an air of sadness about her that troubled me. She had not that quiet look of repose which speaks of a heart at rest. Her large eyes looked anxious, and even careworn; and when she was not smiling, her face assumed a gravity unnatural in one so young. It brightened up prettily when Helen asked to see the baby, and she brought it into the room. It was a pretty, brown, Italian baby, with large soft eyes and abundance of dark hair; and Elvira evidently loved it with all the fervour of her southern nature.

"It is a little angel, a darling!" said the old cavaliere, tenderly patting its

little head. "And the Signor Conte, has he also little grandchildren? The English children are beautiful!"

I told him that my daughter Amy had two little ones—the youngest might be about the age of Elvira's. Elvira looked pleased and interested, and I heard her begin to question Helen in a low voice about the English children.

Signora Celeste turned to me again—"It is curious," she said, "but it is said that English children live upon milk. I suppose, then, that they are very small and thin, and have not much strength till they get older? Elvira would never have reared that child upon milk. But doubtless it is not true."

I answered her that it was quite true.

"Indeed!" she said; "would you believe it! And you mean to say that you never give them wine at all? What support can they have?"

I could only repeat that the children were very healthy and blooming. She evidently looked on my saying so as the ignorant assertion of a man.

It was some time before we could get away—there was so much to be said on Signora Mattei's part. Altogether, for a first visit, it was an unusually long one.

"Well, Helen, and what do you think of Giannetto's pretty wife?" I asked, as soon as we were seated in the carriage, and fairly started on our way home.

"Very pretty, very fascinating, but not clever, I should think; and, papa, did you notice how very sad she looks? I hope he is kind to her."

"She does indeed look sad, poor little thing! I was especially charmed with the old cavaliere. What a thorough gentleman of the old school he is, with his white hair and his gentle venerable face!"

Before very long our visit was returned by the ladies of the party. We were sitting out in the terrace,—Helen putting the finishing touches to a drawing she had been making of a great bunch of yellow *nespoli*, or medlars; I myself lazily smoking, and reading a very stupid Italian novel,—when Beppo announced them. More chairs were brought out, and we resealed ourselves.

After a few moments of general conversation, Signora Celeste leant forward and said in a very loud whisper, "Signor Conte, with your leave, will you do me the great honour of permitting me a little conversation with you in private?"

I could see Elvira colour violently, and give an imploring look to her mother; but that good lady was not to be suppressed by looks. I could not imagine what she could want, but politeness compelled me to bow, and lead the way into the house. She followed, sweeping along in a silk gown, which I could not help thinking made more rustle than any gown I had ever seen, or rather heard, before. I had an uncomfortable feeling that she was very close at my heels—a feeling increased by the sharp way in which she shut the door behind her with a click, and established herself on a tall old-fashioned arm-chair in front of me.

She began the conversation herself. "And now, Signor Conte," she said, "I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will have the kindness to tell me what you know of the former habits and pursuits of my son-in-law. It is not merely from curiosity that I ask," she added, seeing my natural hesitation; "but if the Signor Conte is able to tell me, it concerns me to know."

"It is, I fear, but little that I can tell you, Signora Mattei," I answered. "My acquaintance with Signor Giovanni was very slight, and of short duration. You are, he tells me, aware that his birth is not equal—"

"Yes, yes, I know that," she exclaimed. "He was but a peasant, a fisherman; is it not so?"

"You are right; and it was through a conversation with the priest of his village that I first became interested in him. He was very handsome, and—and I am an admirer of beauty. I was enabled to do him some slight service, which he makes too much of by far; and there our acquaintance for the time came to an end. It is an unexpected honour," I resumed, at my wits' end what to say, "that I have renewed it so advantageously."

Signora Celeste appeared to be thinking deeply, and not to remark my little speech, which was meant to be complimentary. She spoke again, with an abruptness which made me feel as if I was being snapped at. "And this *curato*, was he a friend of Giovanni's?"

"He was very good to him," I answered. "The father was dead, and the priest not only helped his mother with money out of his own very small store, but he also gave him an education which made him superior to his fellows."

"And his voice? Did the priest also teach him to sing?"

"His voice, his voice," I stammered; "it developed late in life—unusually late. No; the priest had nothing to do with training that."

"Then he never sang in the choir?" she asked.

"Not to my knowledge," I replied, wishing her anywhere—at the bottom of the Red Sea.

"And is his mother alive?"

"She is—that is, I believe so; but it is so long since I have been at San Jacopo, that the signora will comprehend that I can give no exact answer to her question."

Signora Celeste suddenly rose, drew her chair closer to mine, and folding her hands (clothed in black net mittens) together, she fixed her eyes upon me, and proceeded: "Signor Conte, I am afraid you have indeed but little to tell me: but I will explain to you the reason of my question; for, without doubt, you consider me indiscreet and impertinent—nay, it is but natural that I should so appear to you."

Of course I endeavoured to disavow the supposition; but she interrupted my attempted civilities ruthlessly. "Listen, signor," she said—"listen. Giovanni has no doubt told you that he came first under my husband's notice as a copyist who was working out his musical education at Milan. At that time we resided much at Milan. My mother was alive, and a great invalid; so we spent months with her at a time. My husband had not then obtained his present appointment at Florence. The Signor Conte knows that the cavaliere is a great dilettante, has a veritable passion for music; and where there is a music-seller's shop, there he is to be found, at times, for hours in the day. Well, he had at that time a fanaticism for very ancient music, forgotten altogether at this present time, and much of this he had transposed for the violin. It is difficult, this old music, and has to be understood, or the transposing makes it often almost ludicrous. My husband found that Giovanni could do it well, and employed him constantly. The poor boy was at that time so destitute, that I could see that very often he had not enough to buy a good meal; so it ended in our taking him into the house.

"My mother, poor soul, took a great fancy for Giovanni, and would have it that he was to be one of the greatest singers of the day; and it is certain that his voice was of a beauty, a quality, that one does not meet with often."

"The only times he would never spend with us were his Sundays and his saints' days. On such days, when friends and neighbours meet, going and coming from the churches, he would never consent to be with our family party. At first, when I asked him, he would not say where he went, but latterly he walked into the country to see some old friend of his mother's, who was a Milanese; so I remained satisfied. The signore knows, I presume, that he obtained an engagement of much distinction, and left us for Russia. By that time we had become so fond of him that it was a sorrow, a grief, to part from him; and it was to us like the return of a dear son when he came home and asked the cavaliere for Elvira.

"Elvira was not without suitors — several times I could have established her well in life; but the poor child had a veritable little passion for Giovanni — and the Signor Conte can understand the feelings of a father. What could he do? He consented. The day for the wedding was fixed; but instead of looking happy, the bridegroom grew gloomier every day, and Elvira did nothing but cry. We could not imagine what was amiss. At last I compelled Elvira to tell me — Giovanni wished for a civil marriage without the blessing of the church. Of course Elvira would not agree; and the cavaliere was very angry, and wished at the eleventh hour to stop it all. They are all alike, these men, with their impatience! I told Elvira that I took it on myself. I sent for Giovanni. I asked him if he could give a clear and sufficient reason for his wish; and he had nothing to say except that he disliked the ceremony, and other such frivolous pretexts, worthy of no consideration. I told him so. I asked him to talk it over with some priest; but that he refused to do: and after a few more expostulations, he gave way. Signor Conte, there is something, I know not what, of mysterious about him. When the moment came that the wedding-procession should enter the church, he became pale as a corpse, the perspiration stood on his brow, he seemed as if in a mortal agony, and so it continued during the ceremony; and when he had to speak, it seemed to us all that his voice was gone — he mumbled his answers as if he knew not what he said; and at last, when all was over, he had to be supported out of the church more like a dead than a living man. Ah! we were much frightened; but the outer air seemed to revive him, and he became

himself again. It was strange, unaccountable, was it not? I myself cannot understand it — for I never saw a malady at all resembling it; and, as a rule, his health is excellent — he knows not what it is to be ill.

"Now, alas!" she continued, "we find that Giovanni never enters the door of a church; he has never once confessed since his marriage, never says a prayer, and will not even use holy words, or sing songs addressed to divine personages. Alas! it is this that makes my poor child so unhappy. He is very kind, kindness itself to her, except on this one subject — and on this he will hear nothing; and she, poor child, has always been a good Christian — a saint, I may say, in all her ways. He cannot even endure the sight of her crucifix, her little images, and sacred pictures; so she grieves much. In short, where the holy faith is concerned, and there only, he is utterly unlike his better self.

"When the child was born, she had hoped to dedicate it to the blessed Mother, and call it Maria; but he would not have it so named, and had it baptized Felicità — a name of good omen, he said. There is a small saint of the name, a *santa stravagante*, without a fixed day in the calendar, which made us give our consent. But, signore," she continued, rising, "I have trespassed long upon your time. I had hoped," she added, sadly, "that you would have been able to help us — to tell us something that would account for this strange evil in Giovanni; but I see that you can tell me no more than we know ourselves. A thousand thanks for the kind interest you have shown in what I have ventured to tell you; and I must beg many pardons for having thus taken up your time."

While this conversation was going on, Helen had been growing much interested in her companion, whom she found more intelligent than she expected.

Elvira told her a good deal about their life in Russia, and Russian ways and customs. She spoke of her husband's success with much pride, and detailed many of the compliments and favours showered on him at St. Petersburg. Helen was amused, and thought the time had passed only too quickly when Signora Mattei returned; and they took their leave with the usual compliments.

To myself, the time had not seemed so short. The whole conversation had been painful to me, from the consciousness of having something to conceal. I told

Helen what had passed. She grieved for the poor little wife. "I am sure she feels it dreadfully," she said. "She looks to me as if she had cried till she could cry no more—and no wonder! But it seems to me curious that she should not have thought of all this before she married him." "I thought so at first," I answered; "but consider, these Italian women know little or nothing of the men they are destined to marry, and are never by any chance allowed to hold conversation with them alone; so that I do not think it so wonderful. Besides, in this case the only thing she had had to startle her was his wish to have a civil marriage only; and that point, we know, he yielded." Helen sighed, "Poor little thing! poor Elvira!"

## CHAPTER VI.

GIANNETTO and his wife called on us once more, when unfortunately we were out, leaving highly-glazed cards, after the Italian fashion, with P.P.C. in the corner. They went on to Venice, where he had accepted an engagement.

The Italian spring set in, and the cold weather passed away. Florence, as the year advanced, began to justify her beautiful flowery name: tall tulips, crimson and white and yellow, countless purple and scarlet anemones, turned the olive and vine yards into carpets of wonderful brilliancy; the scent of orange and lemon blossoms in the garden became almost overpowering; and large magnolias slowly unfolded their wax-like leaves.

We used to return from our long drives in the cool of the evening, the carriage laden with flowers; at one time with irises, tulips, and roses—at another with myrtle and sweet-bay, and long branches of the purple Judas-tree, and orange-flowering arbutus. Helen revelled in them; and would turn our large cool drawing-room into a perfect bower, much to the disgust of Beppo and some other of the Italian servants, who, like all their countrymen, dread sweet-scented flowers in-doors, believing that they produce fevers and all sorts of harm.

We grudged every week as it passed; and the heat increased, warning us that the season was at hand in which Italy chooses to be left in peace with her children, and the foreigner must fly.

One evening we accomplished an expedition we had had in view for a long time—a drive to the top of Fiesole, to visit the Franciscan monastery.

The glare of the day was quite over, for the heat was very great when we started, and the ascent was slow in consequence. Up we toiled along the broad white road on its zigzag course, meeting few people by the way—now passing a group of peasants with their large white-haired dog or sprightly spitz, now being passed by a carriage making a spurt up the hill, containing two or three Russian ladies and gentlemen, on their way probably to dine at Villa Mozzi; then, as we rose higher, the Fiesole women crowded round us, begging us to buy their straw-plait work, long rolls of it beautifully twisted—and queer straw cocks and hens with long tails. Helen was very weak-minded, and bought right and left.

We reached the old Etruscan town, with its lovely church-tower, and watched a line of seminarists in their long black cassocks pass us and descend the hill from their home, diminishing in size as the distance increased, till it appeared like the twisting of a small black serpent far below.

We had brought some large heavy packages of coffee, sugar, and snuff, as a present to the friars; and bidding Beppo follow with these, we took our way to the monastery.

We were received with a warm welcome by the father superior, who told us that it was a great treat to them to receive visitors, and was most attentive to us,—showed us the chapel, and the various points from which the magnificent view was best to be seen, and even allowed Helen to peep into the *clausura*—the inner cloister, where no woman may tread.

He told us that most of his friars were absent on their special missions, and at that time not more than twelve in all were at home. "One of them," he said, "has just returned from our mother home at Assisi. The cholera was at Perugia, and a great panic prevailed, especially as two of the brethren had died, and they sent for some from here to bring fresh hands to the work. They asked for a good preacher, and I sent our best—Fra Geronimo, and a young brother full of zeal, who had lately joined, Fra Martino. Alas! Fra Geronimo returned alone; the young brother had finished his work, and obtained his crown of martyrdom. He is doubly blessed, having been buried near the shrine of the holy Francis himself; but he was very young."

"Fra Geronimo!" I repeated. "Was

it he who was at Nice some five or six years ago, preaching in the church of Santa Lucia?"

"It is possible; I cannot tell," was the answer of the superior. "Our friars go far and wide. Yes, assuredly he has been at Nice often; but when, I cannot tell. Perhaps the Vossignoria might like to ask him?"

"I should, very much," I replied eagerly.

The superior beckoned to a lay brother, a pale, bowed-down-looking man — "*Old*, Gian-Maria, when the Padre Geronimo enters, pray him to come to me."

Meanwhile Helen had taken out her drawing-book, and was sketching rapidly, seated on a little rough step, a group of friars in their picturesque brown habit gathered round her, making their remarks aloud — "Look! look! there is old Pietro's cottage; how natural it is! What a wonderful talent! And there is old Mariuccio in her red apron! what a marvel! And a woman can do thus! Verily, who would believe it? Look! look! there is the black cat. *Santa Maria!* but it is wonderful!"

"The signora is English?" asked one, rather timidly. "She is doubtless an artist?"

Helen told him that many English women sketched very well, entirely for their own pleasure.

"Indeed! truly it is wonderful! Who would have thought that women could thus?" they repeated, much to her amusement.

Here the superior offered her a pinch of snuff; and knowing that a refusal would hurt the kindly feelings of the fathers, she took it, and submitted to the frightful fit of sneezing which was the natural consequence — the friars all saluting her, and wishing her *buona salute* and *felicità*, as she did so, after their courteous, old-fashioned custom.

They then begged her acceptance of various little treasures made of wax, manufactured by themselves, chiefly long coils for lighting candles, twisted in all sorts of fantastic shapes. Helen professed great admiration for them, much to their delight; and she promised to take some home to her little nieces, her sister's children. On hearing this, one of the monks quickly retreated into the monastery, and returned with a little paper parcel. "See, signora!" he cried, "I have brought you something for the little children — see!" and, with a flourish, he drew a wax bird from the

paper, and triumphantly presented it. "See! it has eyes, black eyes, and can move its wings; but you will be very careful of it?"

Helen accepted the treasure with as much pleasure as it was given, and put it very carefully into her drawing-bag. Presently she rose and came up to show me her sketch. While doing so, she suddenly caught hold of me — "Look, look, papa! what a picture!"

What so much attracted her attention was the appearance of two Franciscan monks slowly mounting the hill, in the taller of whom I at once recognized the Fra Geronimo who had so much excited our admiration by his preaching at Nice.

They formed, as she said, a very picturesque group. Fra Geronimo walked with a long and firm step, his noble head erect, and the fine proportions of his tall attenuated figure undisguised by his rough brown habit. His companion was a much older man, but appeared to be bowed by infirmity and care even more than by the weight of years. He walked with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his long grey beard reached down to the hempen cord which formed his girdle. Each carried a sack over his left shoulder, containing the gifts of charity that day received for the convent.

They parted at the foot of the chapel steps, the older father going on to the cloister — the other, Fra Geronimo, obeying a sign from his superior, and advancing to where we stood.

"Have you had good speed, brother Geronimo?" was the first question.

"We have walked far," he answered, "and Fra Pietro is very weary; few asked him to rest in their houses. There is little charity abroad."

The superior looked rather wistfully at the sack, and did not answer. Fra Geronimo turned to me, and saluted me gravely.

There was a certain sternness and severity about the man. He gave me the impression of being uncompromising in everything — a face of singular power, of one who would grapple with sin in mid-career, and force shame and remorse on the most hardened sinner.

I asked him whether he recollected having been at Nice the year that we were there? He remembered it well; he had been there for some months, preaching a great deal. A sudden idea struck me. I would tell Giannetto's whole history to this man, and ask him what he thought of it. The tall friar was

standing before me, calm and motionless, waiting for me to speak. Should I do harm in trusting him? I knew nothing of him. I raised my eyes, and scrutinized his face with care. As if conscious that much depended on that look he bent his large hollow eyes on me for one moment; but in that moment all hesitation passed away, and I felt that the man who stood before me was indeed a fit instrument for God's will—pure in single-mindedness, strong as steel; and I determined to trust him implicitly.

It was now growing late, and knowing that I should scarcely have time for my long story then, I begged Fra Geronimo (if it should be possible) to visit me at the villa within a few days, as I had occasion to ask his advice. He told me that he would do so; and, calling Helen, we took leave of our kind hosts, and started on our return home.

Merrily the horses trotted down, swinging the carriage round the zigzag corners, the sharp drag making the seats vibrate as we went. A few fire-flies were dancing about (though it was still early in the year for them), and now and then a glimmering spark from the ground revealed a glow-worm, almost emerald in its green light. Helen had a fancy that the glow-worms were the wives of the fire-flies, and insisted that it was true, and that the fire-flies were ill-conditioned, wild gallants, who left their estimable wives to mope at home by themselves. The grasshoppers made such a noise that, at one time, we could not help fancying that one must have got into the carriage.

We seemed to reach home only too soon—too soon, indeed, in sad earnest; for on the table lay a packet of letters, sent by express—a summons home on important business. Alas! how the few business-like explanatory words of my correspondent brought us down from the world of fire-flies and romance to the dull routine of every-day life! Our happy holiday was at an end. Helen went upstairs in a very disconsolate humour, and, some time after, confessed to me that she had cried herself to sleep.

During the few days that followed, we had so much to arrange and to think of, that I had almost forgotten my appointment with the Franciscan. The letters arrived on Friday, and the following Tuesday was the day fixed upon for our departure. On Monday evening our arrangements were completed, and we had

time to sit down and rest, and look ruefully round our dismantled rooms. All the purchases we had made at Florence, which had served to beautify our pleasant villa, had been removed that afternoon; to be packed in Florence and sent off to England. There were two or three fine old gilded *cassoni* or chests, carved chairs, large majolica pots, innumerable odds and ends, and, the greatest treasure of all, an exquisite little David, by Donatello, under a white marble *baldacchino*, standing about two feet high,—all were gone!—nothing but the original bare furniture remained. No wonder that we felt disconsolate.

It was beginning to grow rather late, when Beppo came in to say that a Franciscan wished to speak with me. I was very glad, having greatly feared that I should not see him again. He came in, and apologized for not having been able to come before.

"I have had much to do," he said. "Much preaching also has fallen to my lot; and, alas! the flesh is weak. After preaching, I am often unable to do more."

He seated himself, enveloping his hands in the loose sleeves of his habit, and bending his eyes to the ground. Helen had left the room, feeling that it might be easier for the friar to talk to me in her absence.

I began at once by telling him how and in what manner I had come across the village of San Jacopo, and had first been interested in the unhappy Giannetto. I told him of our coming to Nice together, and of the impression made on us all by his sermon on human suffering; of the verdict of the doctors,—in short, all the whole strange story. He remembered the storm well, and had had much to do in helping and consoling the sufferers from the effects of it. When I told him of Giannetto's return, and the wonderful change wrought in him, he crossed himself repeatedly, and muttered something in Latin, too low for me to hear; and he could scarcely conceal his astonishment under the usual perfect calm of his demeanour when I told him that this young fisherman, whose history I had been telling him, was no other than the famous tenor Giovanni, who had lately been making such a sensation in Florence.

"And now, father," I concluded, "tell me what you think of this strange story. Is there, can there be any unnatural, or rather unhallowed, cause which has driven Giannetto from Church and God?"

"I know not," replied the friar; "strange and unaccountable things sometimes occur in nature. Signor Conte" — he lowered his voice almost to a whisper — "sometimes desperate men have been known to sell their souls."

It was evident that his suspicions pointed in the same direction as my own.

"Anyhow," he exclaimed, "there is a soul to be saved for God. I will, God give me grace, do my part. For yours, pray for me. God will give me the power, if it be His sacred will."

His large eyes flashed with a feverish, enthusiastic fire; and as he rose to his feet, and drew the hempen girdle round his loins, he looked like some prophet about to go forth inspired on his way.

"You go?" I asked, somehow feeling scarcely worthy to address him.

"I go to Venice. I follow him through the world. There is a soul to be saved for God."

Awe-struck, I stood aside to let him pass; and he went straight out, only pausing on the threshold and raising his hand in the act of blessing. I watched him till a turn in the road hid him from my sight, and then, lost in thought and bewildered, returned into the house.

The next morning dawned, the day of our departure. Helen came down to breakfast in her travelling-dress, and we both felt very sad. The carriage was announced, and we went out to it. All our cottage-friends were assembled under the long, broad portico: Pippo, the gardener, with an enormous stiff bouquet for Helen; Adele, his wife; Columba, the wife of the *contadino* who managed the vines and *podere*, or farm; and all the children, also holding bouquets; Carola, Anna, and the old father, the patriarch of them all; and last, but not least, the villa watch-dogs, Giotto and Solferino.

It was a mingled scene of crying and kissing of hands, and shouts of "A pleasant journey, a most happy journey!" &c. We got away at last, and I thought our partings well over; but at the station, as I slipped a last *scudo* into the coachman's hand, to my dismay he clasped mine to his lips, and burst into tears.

We were seated in the carriage, the train began to move, when a shower of bouquets was thrown in at the window, and a shrill voice shouted a last *buon viaggio*. It was Signora Celeste herself, who stood gesticulating on the platform as we steamed out of the station.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE ABODE OF SNOW.

#### SHIGRI AND ITS GLACIERS. — THE ALPS AND HIMALIYA.

THE valley of Spiti is secluded in such a very formidable manner from the civilized world that it has very few European visitors; and though it has frequently been conquered, yet it is difficult to conceive of its being so, or of any one finding it worth while to conquer it. This province is situated in the centre of the *Himaliya*, with two great snowy ranges (not to speak of minor ones) between it and the plains of India. There are very few parts in Spiti where we can get below twelve thousand feet, while it contains innumerable points which are twenty thousand feet high, and its great valley has an average elevation of about 12,800 feet. Elevated and secluded though this province be, it is not to be compared in these admirable respects with *Zanskar*; but it is tolerably well raised out of the world. On the east, access can be had to it by the eighteen-thousand-feet *Manerung Pass*, or the difficult *To-tzo* route. From the south, the only entrance is by the desolate *Rabeh Pass*, which is fifteen thousand feet high, and closed great part of the year. To the west, the direction which I am about to pursue, there are no means of exit or access except over glaciers and an utterly desolate region, which requires days in order to traverse it. To the north there are a few passes like the *Parang-la* (eighteen thousand feet), which take towards *Ladak*; but nobody need go to *Ladak* in search of civilization. I did see one solitary apricot-tree at *Lari*, and some fine willow-trees at *Po*; but that about exhausts my arboreal recollections of Spiti, or *Pfti*, as the people of the country more usually call it. There are a good many willow, birch, and thorn bushes; but still there must be a great scarcity of fuel. Notwithstanding that it is about seventy miles long, with a breadth of fifty miles in its upper portion, its population amounts to only about twenty-three hundred persons, whose language is Tibetan, and whose appearance has some Tartar characteristics. The minstrels, to whom I have already alluded, do not hold land, and are called *Beddas*. Captain Harcourt says: "Many of the men resemble veritable Calmucks; and with few exceptions fall, as do the women, very far below the European standard of beauty; indeed, for positive hideousness of countenance, the people

of Spiti are perhaps pre-eminent in the British empire." For absolute hideousness, so great as to be almost beauty of a kind, I should back a Spiti old woman against the whole human race; and the production of one in Europe, with her extraordinary ornaments, could scarcely fail to create a great sensation. The dress of both sexes may be described as tunics and trousers of thick woollen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are not fond of taking off at any time. In order to obtain greater warmth they often put a quantity of flour into these boots, beside their legs, which I fancy is a practice peculiar to Spiti, but might be introduced elsewhere. The ornaments are very much the same as those of the Chinese Tartars, except that the women have sometimes nose-rings, which adds to their peculiar fascination. Not being affected by caste ideas, as even the Lamaists of Kunáwar are, the people of Spiti make no objection to a European eating with them or entering their houses, unless they happen to be rather ashamed of the interior; but the houses differ very little from those of Zanskar, one of which I shall describe in detail, having had to spend two days in it during a great snowstorm. There is very little rainfall in Spiti; from November to April all the streams are frozen up, and it is rather a mystery to me how the people obtain sufficient fuel to support life during that long severe period. In summer the fields are watered by artificial channels leading from the mountain-torrents; and it has often a very lively effect when the waters are let loose around and over a number of fields. The chief crops are wheat, barley, and peas, the latter affording a valuable addition to the traveller's food, but not so readily purchasable as the grain. One need not look for sugar, fruit, or any other of the luxuries of life, in this exceedingly sterile province. Yaks there are in abundance, along with zo-pos and the common Indian ox; and the *ghúnts*, or small ponies, are famous for their sure-footedness, their sagacity, and their power of carrying their rider safely up and down the most terrible, dangerous, and fatiguing paths. Horse-racing, of a very irregular sort, is indulged in occasionally; and the blacksmiths of Spiti are famous in High Asia for their manufacture of steel bits and stirrups. The great substitute for paper here, as in all these snow-lands, is the inner bark of the birch-tree, which is

of a light-yellow colour, and very soft, though of a close texture. It is very good for all wrapping-purposes, and could be used for writing on if needed. The people are singularly exempt from disease, being, to all appearance, afflicted only by a few not bad cases of skin-disease, which can easily be accounted for by their persistent avoidance of washing. Spiti is Búdhistic; and there are nearly four hundred Lamas in the province, most of whom are bound to celibacy, and only about a dozen nuns,—though that must be quite enough, if it be true, as Captain Harcourt, lately the assistant commissioner for the three British provinces of Kúlú, Lahaul, and Spiti, alleges, that "there are at times scenes of gross debauchery in the monasteries—a state of things which can be believed when Lamas and nuns are living promiscuously together." As polyandry exists in the province, the surplus women have to remain in the houses of their parents or other relatives; but there is no reason to consider the Spiti people as immoral, though they indulge in heavy drinking on special occasions; and, like most mountaineers, they are exceedingly enamoured of their own lofty country, treeless and sterile though it be, and are extremely unwilling to go down any of the passes which lead to more genial climes. The poverty of this province, however, has not saved it from more than one conquest. Nearly a thousand years ago, it was under the Lassa government; and two centuries after, it fell under the dominion of Kublai Khan. In more recent times, it was sometimes subject to the Chinese Tartars and sometimes to the chiefs of Baltistan or of Ladák, according to which party happened to have the upper hand in the neighbourhood. It came into our possession about thirty years ago, through an arrangement with the Maharajah of Kashmir, into whose power it had fallen, and was conjoined with Kúlú under an assistant commissioner in 1849.

Dankar, the capital of Spiti, should properly be spelled "Drankhar," which means "The cold fort." *Khar*, with an aspirate, signifies a fort, as *Dan-kar* is, or rather was; but *kar* means white. Hence it has been a decided error to call this place Dankar; but I shall leave the correction of it to Dr. W. W. Hunter and his department, for though Spiti does not boast of a post-office, yet it is a British province. The precise height of this village is 12,776 feet, so it may easily

be conceived that the nights were intensely cold in our light tents, and that there was some little difficulty in rousing my people in the morning. From Dankar, or rather from Kazeh or Kaja, a day's journey beyond, my course was a novel one, almost unknown to Himáliyan tourists. When considering, at Simla, how I should best see the Himálya and keep out of the reach of the Indian monsoon, I had the advantage of an old edition of Montgomerie's map, in which the mountains and rivers are laid in, but which is now out of print; and I saw from it that the lie of the Himálya to the north-west presented a series of rivers and elevated valleys, in the very centre of the ranges, which would enable me to proceed to Kashmir by almost a new route, and one of great interest. I could get no information about this route, further than was conveyed by the admission of a Panjábi captain, who had been in the Himálya, and who said on my consulting him on the subject—"Well, I should think it would be very possible." It certainly proved to be so, seeing that I got over the ground, and I got some information regarding it from the Moravian missionaries.

What I had to do was to follow up the Lee or Spiti River almost to its source, then to cross the Kanzam Pass into the frightfully desolate Shigri valley, or valley of the Chandra River; to follow down that river to its junction with the Bhaga; to follow up the Bhaga for a few marches, and then to cross over the tremendous Shinkal Pass on to the Tsarap Lingti River, and the valleys through which streams flow into the upper Indus. It is the first portion of this journey that I have now to speak of; and to render it intelligible, it is only necessary for the reader to follow up the Spiti River as far as he can get, to cross the mountains at its source, and then to descend the Chandra River to its junction with the Bhaga.

At Kazeh, a day's journey from Dankar, I left the usual track, which goes over the Parang-la Pass to Changchemmo and Leh, and which involves a journey that is on many grounds objectionable. Here I had the choice of two routes, one on the left and one on the right bank of the Lee, but chose the latter; and as the former was within sight great part of the way, I had the opportunity of observing that it was considerably the worst of the two, though an inexperienced traveller might rashly conclude that nothing could be worse than the one

I followed. To Kazeh we kept up the left bank of the Lee, which was no longer sunk in deep gorges, but had a broad open valley, and spreads itself here and there amid a waste of white stones. Here I crossed the river at a point where the banks drew close together, and on what, by courtesy, might be called a wooden bridge. This *sangpa* is very high and shaky, and the central portion of it is composed of three logs, without any parapet, and with loose branches laid across it, which are awkward and dangerous to step upon. Stopping for breakfast at the village of Kharig, I saw the large Lama monastery of Kf on the other side of the river, perched on the top of a hill in a very extraordinary manner. This monastery, according to Csomode Körös, was established in the eleventh century of the Christian era by a pupil of the well-known Atisha. It is a celebrated place; but (whether or not it contains any portion of the dozen Spiti nuns) its monks do not seem to exercise much civilizing influence in their own neighbourhood, for the people of Kharig were much more like thorough savages than the residents of any other Himáliyan village which I entered. It being rather a hot day, the children, and even boys and girls of ten and twelve years old, were entirely naked; and the number of children was far beyond the usual proportion to that of households. Morang, where we camped, is a small village even for these mountains, and is about thirteen thousand feet high; but it had an intelligent and exceedingly obliging *mukea*—the functionary who provides for the wants of travellers—who had been educated by the Moravian brethren in Lahaul, and spoke Hindústhani. There was a wonderful view from this place both up and down the great valley of the Spiti River, bounded downwards by the Rupa-khago, or the snowy mountains of the Manerung Pass, and upwards by a grand twenty-thousand-feet peak, supporting an enormous bed of *névé*. Both on this day's journey and on the next, the banks of the river and the mountains above them presented the most extraordinary castellated forms. In many parts the bed of the Lee was hundreds of yards broad, and was composed of white shingle, great part of which was uncovered by water. The steep banks above this white bed had been cut by the action of the elements, so that a series of small fortresses, temples, and spires seemed to stand out from them. Above

these again, gigantic mural precipices, bastions, towers, castles, citadels, and spires, rose up thousands of feet in height, mocking, in their immensity and grandeur the puny efforts of human art, and yet presenting almost all the shapes and effects which our architecture has been able to devise; while, yet higher, the domes of pure white snow and glittering spires of ice far surpassed in perfection, as well as in immensity, all the Moslem musjids and minars. It was passing strange to find the inorganic world thus anticipating, on so gigantic a scale, some of the loftiest efforts of human art; and it is far from unlikely that the builders of the Taj and of the Pearl Mosque at Agra only embodied in marble a dream of the snows of the Himáliya or of the Hindú Kúsh.

After leaving Morang we crossed another shaky *sangpa* over the Gyundi River, and another one before reaching Kiotro, where we encamped in a sort of hollow beyond the village. The place seemed shut in on every side; but that did not preserve us from a frightful wind which blew violently all night, and, with the thermometer at 43°, rendered sleep nearly impossible in my tent. There was a good path on the left bank of the Lee for my next day's journey from Kiotro to Loisar; and the rock-battlements were more wonderful than ever; but just before reaching that latter place, we had to cross to the right bank of the river by means of a very unpleasant *jhúla*, the side ropes of which were so low as to make walking along it painful. In Loisar, instead of using my tent, I occupied a small mud-room which the government of British India has been good enough to erect for the benefit of travellers. I do not know what the reason may be for this unusual act of generosity. Perhaps it is because Loisar is one of the highest villages in the world, though it is inhabited all the year round, being 13,395 feet above the level of the sea. Notwithstanding this extreme altitude, it has a good many fields in which various kinds of grain are cultivated, and there is not a little pasture-land in its neighbourhood. The care of a paternal government had even gone the length of keeping this room clean and free from insects; so it was a pleasant change from my tent, the more so as it began to rain, and rain at 13,395 feet very soon displays a tendency to turn into sleet and snow. A tent is very healthy and delightful up to a certain point; but it hardly affords any

higher temperature than that of the external air; and on these great altitudes at night the air cools down so rapidly, and to such an extent, that it may be a source of danger to some people. There is a safeguard, however, in the purity of the Himáliyan air and in our continuously open-air life among the mountains. I have been injured by the unusual severity of the winter this year in England; yet got no harm, but rather positive benefit, from camping on snow for nights together in my thin tent in Zanskar and Súrú, and in much more severe weather than we have had here lately. Still, the paternal government's mud-palace at Loisar was an agreeable change, and afforded me the luxury of a sounder sleep than I had had for several nights. The Nakowallah, however, did not at all appreciate the advantages of having a solid habitation about him. I should have thought it would have been simple enough even for his tastes; but nothing would satisfy that fleecy dog until he was allowed to lie outside of the door instead of inside, though that latter position exposed him to hostile visits from all the dogs of the village; and there was a ferocious growling kept up all night outside the door, which, however, was music to me compared with the howling of the wind about my tent, to which I had been exposed for two or three nights previously.

At Loisar I had to arrange for a very hard journey of five days, over a wild stretch of country where there are no villages, no houses, and scarcely any wood, so that supplies of every kind have to be taken for it. In order to get into Lahaul and hit the junction of the Chandra and Bhaga Rivers on the cut road which runs from Simla to Leh, two routes are available from Loisar, both involving a stretch of days over a desolate and glacier-covered country. They both pursue the same course for nearly a day's journey, on to the gradual western slope of the Kanzam or Kanzal Pass; but before crossing it one route takes off to the right, up the highest portion of the valley of the Chandra River, until it strikes the cut road to Leh, near the top of the Barra Lacha Pass (16,221 feet), and then descends the Bhaga to the junction of the two rivers, along the cut road and down a valley where there are plenty of villages. This was the road which I wished to follow, because I always preferred keeping as high up as possible; but the people at Loisar, who were to

furnish me with coolies, declared against that route, and implored me not to insist upon going by it. There is a very difficult river to be forded, the water of which is so rapid that the *bigarries*, or porters, can only manage to get through by holding one another's hands and forming a long line. When Sir Douglas Forsyth was commissioner of the hill-states, he passed over this route, losing two of his *bigarries* (women, I think) in this river; and though he compensated their families, this unfortunate event is advanced to this day as a conclusive reason against the Barra Lacha route, and will probably be so advanced for centuries, if the world lasts as long.

Hence I had to adopt the other route, which proved to be quite elevated and cold enough. It crosses the Kanzam Pass at a height of almost fifteen thousand feet, and then goes down the Chandra River on its left bank, through what is called by the natives the Shigri valley, until it reaches the cut road to Leh at the foot, and on the north side, of the Rotang Pass, which is thirteen thousand feet high, and the mountains of which separate Lahaul from the Kálú valley. Immediately after that point, this route crosses the river to the village of Kokser, and proceeds from thence to the junction of the Chandra and Bhaga, from whence there are various, but all rather difficult, routes leading to Kashmir. The two routes I have mentioned, which meet at the head of the Chandra-Bhaga—or what is almost equivalent to them, these two rivers before their junction—enclose a large extent of great glaciers and immense snowy mountains, with no habitations, and almost inaccessible to human beings. An equally high range runs down the left bank of the Chandra (the route which I followed), throwing out its glaciers down to and almost across the river, so that it may easily be conceived that few portions even of the Himálya, which are at all accessible, afford such a stretch of desolation and of wild sublimity.

It was necessary for me, on this part of the journey, to take sixteen *bigarries*, nearly half of whom were women, besides an extra yak to carry wood; and for my own use I got a little dark Spiti mare, which looked nothing to speak of, but actually performed marvels. We also took with us a small flock of milch goats, which could pick up subsistence by the way, and one or two live sheep to be made into mutton on the journey.

Starting at six on the morning of the 25th August, with the thermometer at 42°, the first part of the journey gave no idea of the desolation which was soon to be encountered. The day was bright and delightful, and the air even purer and more exhilarating than usual, as might be expected above thirteen thousand feet. A few miles beyond Loisar we came to the end of the Lee or Spiti River, which I had now followed up from its confluence with the Sutlej, through one of the wildest and most singular valleys in the world. Its whole course is 145 miles; but such figures give no idea of the time and immense toil which are required in order to follow it up that short course, in which it has a fall of about six thousand feet. It has an extraordinary end, which has already been described, and also a curious commencement; for it begins, so to speak, at once, in a broad white bed of sand and stones, being there created by the junction of two short and (when I saw them) insignificant streams, of about equal size and length; the Líchú, which comes from the Kanzam Pass, and the Pítú, which has its rise in the twenty thousand snowy peak, Kíii. Earlier in the season, however, just after mid-day, when the snows and glaciers are in full melting order, there must be a magnificent body of water in this upper portion of the Lee, raging and foaming along from bank to brae.

Turning south-west, up the Líchú River, we found a beautiful valley, full of small willow-trees and bright green grass, though it could have been very little less than fourteen thousand feet high. It was the most European-looking valley I saw among the Himálya before reaching Kashmir; and it was followed by easy grassy slopes, variegated by sunshine and the shade of passing clouds, which slopes led up to the extreme summit of the Kanzam or Kanzal Pass, a height of 14,937 feet. Here there was a very imposing view in front, of immense glaciers and snowy peaks, over or about twenty thousand feet high, which rose up not far from perpendicularly, on the other side of the youthful Chandra River, which raged down, far beneath our feet, in a manner which made it no wonder that the Kokser people were unwilling to encounter its turbid current. These mountains are the L peaks of the Topographical Survey; three of them had some resemblance to the Matterhorn, though with more snow, and they rose abruptly from the Chandra, so as in the pure air to appear almost

within a stone's throw of the place on which we stood. Great overhanging beds of *névé* fed enormous glaciers, which stretched down to the river like buttresses of the three nearest peaks. To an unpractised eye, it might have seemed as if the glaciers extended only half-way to the Chandra, because the lower portions of them were not only thickly covered with debris of rock, but in some places this debris bore living grass. This is a striking phenomenon, which occurs on the Himáliyan glaciers; but I shall return to the subject directly, when I get upon the great glaciers of the Shigri valley.

There was a steep descent from the top of the Kanzam Pass to the Chandra River, which we followed down a short way until a camping-ground was found about the height of fourteen thousand feet, beside a sort of pond formed by a back-flow of a tributary of the Chandra. Looking down the valley immense glaciers were seen flowing down the clefts in the high mural precipices on both sides of the Chandra, and extending from the great beds of snow above, down to, and even into the river. This was the "Abode of Snow," and no mistake; for nothing else but snow, glaciers, and rocks were to be seen, and the great ice-serpents crept over into this dread valley as if they were living monsters. In the local dialect *Shigri* means a glacier; but the word is applied to the upper Chandra valley, so that the Shigri valley may be called, both literally and linguistically, the "Valley of Glaciers." But the collection of glaciers between the Chandra and Bhaga Rivers, large though it be, is really insignificant compared to the enormous congeries of them to be found on the southern side of Zaskar. There was no sward here of any description; and I began to realize the force of the Afghan proverb, "When the wood of Jugduluk burns you begin to melt gold." Of this Shigri valley, in which we spent the next four days, it may well be said that —

Bare is it, without house or track, and destitute  
Of obvious shelter as a shipless sea.

That, however, is by no means the worst of it; and in the course of the afternoon a fierce storm of wind, rain, and snow added to the savagery of the scene. As I had noticed from the top of the pass, some of the clouds of the monsoon seemed to have been forced over the two ranges of lofty mountains between us and the Indian plains; and soon the

storm-clouds began to roll grandly among the snowy peaks which rose close above us on every side. That spectacle was glorious; but it was not so pleasant when the clouds suddenly descended upon us, hiding the peaks, and discharging themselves in heavy rain where we were, but in snow a few hundred feet above. There was a storm-wind which came —

Like Auster whirling to and fro,  
His force on Caspian foam to try;  
Or Boreas, when he scours the snow  
That skims the plains of Thessaly.

The thermometer sank at once to 41°, from about 65°; and during the night it got down to freezing-point within my tent. Before night the clouds lifted, showing new-fallen snow all round us. In the twilight everything looked white, and assumed a ghastly appearance. The pond was white, and so were the stones around it, the foaming river, and the chalky ground on which our tents were pitched. The sides of the mountains were white with pure new-fallen snow; the overhanging glaciers were partly covered with it; the snowy peaks were white, and so were the clouds, faintly illuminated by the setting sun, veiled with white mist. After dark, the clouds cleared away entirely, and clearly seen in the brilliant starlight,

Above the spectral glaciers shone

beneath the icy peaks; while, above all, the hosts of heaven gleamed with exceeding brightness in the high pure air. The long shining cloud of the Milky Way slanted across the white valley; Vega, my star, was past its zenith; and the *Tsaat Rishi* — the seven prophets of the Hindús, or the seven stars of our Great Bear — were sinking behind the mountains.

We had some difficulty in getting off by six next morning, when the thermometer was at 36°, and every one was suffering from the cold. Unfortunately, too, we had to ford several icy-cold streams shortly after leaving camp, for they would have been unfordable further on in the day. There are no bridges on this wild route; and I could not help pitying the poor women who, on this cold morning, had to wade shivering through the streams, with the rapid water dashing up almost to their waists. Still, on every side there were twenty-thousand-feet snowy peaks and overhanging glaciers, while great beds of snow curled over the tops of the mural precipices. After a

few miles the Chandra ceased to run from north to south, and turned so as to flow from east to west; but there was no change in the sublime and terrific character of the scenery. Out of the enormous beds of snow above, whenever there is an opening for them, —

The glaciers creep  
Like snakes that watch their prey; from their  
far fountains

Slowly rolling on; there many a precipice,  
Frost, and the sun, in scorn of mortal power,  
Have piled — dome, pyramid, and pinnacle —  
A city of death, distinct with many a tower,  
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.  
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin  
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky  
Rolls its perpetual stream.

We were soon doomed to make a closer acquaintance with some of these enormous glaciers. Ere long we came to one which stretched down all the way into the river, so there was no flanking it. At first it looked as if we were painfully crossing the huge ridges of a fallen mountain; but this soon proved to be an immense glacier, very thickly covered over with slabs of clay-slate, and with large blocks of granite and gneiss, but with the solid ice underneath exposed here and there, and especially in the surfaces of the large crevasses which went down to unknown depths. This glacier, as also others which followed, was a frightfully fatiguing and exasperating thing to cross, and occupied us nearly three hours, our guides being rather at a loss in finding a way over. I should have been the whole day upon it, but for the astounding performances of my little Spiti mare, which now showed how wise had been the selection of it for this difficult journey. Never had I before fully realized the goat-like agility of these animals, and I almost despair of making her achievements credible. She sprang from block to block of granite, even with my weight upon her, like an ibex. No one who had not seen the performance of a Spiti pony could have believed it possible for any animal of the kind to go over the ground at all, and much less with a rider upon it. But this mare went steadily with me up and down the ridges, over the great rough blocks of granite and the treacherous slabs of slate. I had to dismount and walk, or rather climb, a little only three or four times, and that not so much from necessity as from pity for the little creature, which was trembling in every limb from the great leaps and other exertions which she had to make. On these occa-

sions she required no one to lead her, but followed us like a dog, and was obedient to the voice of her owner. Shortly before coming to the glacier I thought she was going over a precipice with me, owing to her losing her footing on coming down some high steps; but she saved herself by falling on her knees and then making a marvellous side-spring. On the glacier, also, though she sometimes lost her footing, yet she always managed to recover it immediately in some extraordinary way. Her great exertions there did not require any goad, and arose from her own spirit and eager determination to overcome the obstacles which presented themselves, though in ordinary circumstances she was perfectly placid, and content to jog along as slowly as might be. Even when I was on this mare she would poise herself on the top of a block of granite, with her four feet close together after the manner of a goat, and she leaped across crevasses of unknown depth after having to go down a slippery slope on one side, and when, on the other, she had nothing to jump upon except steeply inclined blocks of stone. The two Loisar yaks also, magnificent black creatures with enormous white tails, did wonders; but their indignant grunting was something to hear. They had to be goaded a good deal, and were not so surprising as the slender-legged Spiti mare. Of course the latter had no shoes; and it is not usual to shoe the horses of the Himāliya, though they do so sometimes in Kashmir; and in Wukhan, to the north of the Oxus, there is the curious compromise of shoeing them with deer's horn, which protects the hoofs, while presenting a surface less slippery than iron, and one more congenial to the horse's tender foot. There was something affecting in the interest which this mare and some of the other mountain-ponies I had elsewhere, took in surmounting difficulties, and not less so in the eagerness, at stiff places, of the foals which often accompanied us without carrying any burden. Thus in early youth they get accustomed to mountain-journeys and to the strenuous exertions which these involve. At the same time, the Himāliyan ponies husband their breath very carefully in going up long ascents, and no urging on these occasions will force them to go faster than they think right, or prevent them from stopping every now and then just as long as they think proper. These are matters which must be left entirely to the

ponies themselves, and they do not abuse the liberty which they claim. More trying is their fondness for trotting or ambling down the steepest ascents on which they can at all preserve their footing; and they show considerable impatience when restrained from doing so, and have expressive ways of their own of saying to their rider, "Why don't you trust me and let me go down at my own pace? I shall take you quite safely." This ambling down a precipitous mountain-side is particularly unpleasant when the path is a corkscrew one, with many and sharp turnings, because when the pony rushes down at a turning, it seems as if its impetus must carry it on and over; but at the last moment it manages to twist itself round, so that it can proceed in another direction; and I think these intelligent little creatures take a pride in making as narrow a shave of the precipice as possible, and in making their riders feel as uncomfortable as they can. They are also great in wriggling you round delicate points of rock, where the loss of half an inch would send both horse and rider into the abyss. They do positively enjoy these ticklish places; and the more ticklish the place and the deeper the precipice below, the more do they enjoy it, and the more preternaturally sagacious do they become. They sniff at such a place with delight; get their head and neck round the turning; experiment carefully to feel that the pressure of your knee against the rock will not throw the whole concern off its balance, and then they wriggle their bodies round triumphantly. I speak in this way, however, only of the best ponies of Spiti and Zanskar, and not of those of Lahaul, or of any of the lower Himáliyan provinces, which are much inferior.

While stopping for breakfast on this great glacier, the ice beneath the stones on which we were gave a great crack, and the stones themselves sank a little way. This caused a general removal, and it looked as if we had seated ourselves for breakfast over a crevasse (not a wise thing to do), the mouth of which had been blocked up with stones. To do Silas and Nurdass justice, they stuck by the breakfast-things and removed these also; but that was, perhaps, because they did not understand the danger we were in. The place had been selected because of its affording shelter from the wind; but when, after the crack occurred, I examined it closely, I saw quite clearly that we had been sitting between

the lips of a crevasse which had got blocked up with rocks, and that the place was eminently an unsafe one. Our Loisar *bigarries* had a story about the rocks on this glacier having been owing to the fall of a mountain-peak which had formerly existed in the immediate neighbourhood. Very possibly there may have been a land-slip of the kind; but the coolies varied in their legend about the fall of the peak, some saying that it occurred two generations, and others twelve years ago. When questioned on the subject, they acknowledged that the glacier must move, because every summer they had to find a new path across it, and had to erect fresh marks in order to indicate the way. There are so many crumbling peaks and precipices about the great fountains of this glacier, that there is no absolute need of the theory or legend of the Loisar people to explain its covered condition. This glacier clearly arose from a number of large glaciers meeting in a great valley above, filling that up, and then pushing themselves over its rim in one great ice-stream down to the river; and the crumbling precipices and peaks around were quite sufficient to supply the rocks we saw below. So compact had the covering got, that in some places I observed grass and flowers growing on this glacier. Coleridge has sung of the "living flowers that skirt the eternal frost," but here the flowers were blooming on the eternal frost itself.

Occasionally, I think, a living flower is found on Swiss glaciers, but very rarely—whereas on the Himáliyan, flowers are by no means uncommon; and the circumstance is easily accounted for by the greater power of the sun in the Himáliyan regions, and also by the fact, that when the glaciers get down a certain distance, they are so thickly covered by shattered rocks that they have to work their way, as it were, underground. In Switzerland one often sees the great ploughshare of a glacier coming down into a green valley and throwing up the turf before it; but usually among the Himáliya, long before the glacier reaches any green valley, it is literally overwhelmed and buried beneath the shattered fragments of rock from the gigantic precipices and peaks around. This slackens, without altogether arresting, its progress; so that in many places the debris is allowed sufficient rest to permit of the growth of grass and flowers. It struck me that in some places there were.

even what might be called subterranean glaciers; that is to say, that the fallen debris had so formed together and solidified, that the ice-stream worked below it without disturbing the solidified surface.

And here, as I am well acquainted with the Alps,\* it may not be amiss for me to compare the Himáliya with these European mountains, which are so well known to the English public. The Himáliya, as a whole, are not so richly appavelled as the Alps. In Kashmir, and some parts of the Sutelj valley, and of the valleys on their Indian front, they are rich in the most glorious vegetation, and present, in that respect, a more picturesque appearance than any parts of Switzerland can boast of; but one may travel among the great ranges of the Asiatic mountains for weeks, and even months, through the most sterile scenes, without coming on any of these regions of beauty. There is not here the same close union of beauty and grandeur, loveliness and sublimity, which is everywhere to be found over the Alps. There is a terrible want of level ground and of green meadows enclosed by trees. Except in Kashmir, and about the east of Ladák, there are no lakes. We miss much those Swiss and Italian expanses of deep blue water, in which white towns and villages, snowy peaks and dark mountains, are so beautifully mirrored. There is also a great want of perennial waterfalls of great height and beauty, such as the Staubbach; though in summer, during the heat of the day, the Himáliya, in several places, present long graceful streaks of dust-foam.

The striking contrasts and the more wonderful scenes are not crowded together as they are in Switzerland. Both eye and mind are apt to be wearied among the Himáliya by the unbroken repetition of similar scenes during continuous and arduous travel, extending over days and weeks together; and one sorely misses Goethe's *Ekschen*, or the beautiful little corners of nature which satisfy the eye and mind alike. The picture is not sufficiently filled up in its detail, and the continuous repetition of the vast outlines is apt to become oppressive. The very immensity of the Himáliya prevents us from often beholding at a glance, as among the Alps, the wonderful contrast of green meadows, darker pines, green splintered glaciers, dark precipi-

tous cliffs, blue distant hills, white slopes of snow and glittering icy summits. There are points in the Sutelj valley and in Kashmir where something like this is presented, and in a more overpowering manner than anywhere in Europe; but months of difficult travel separate these two regions, and their beauty cannot be said to characterize the Himáliya generally. But what, even in Switzerland, would be great mountains, are here dwarfed into insignificant hills; and it requires some time for the eye to understand the immense Himáliyan heights and depths. Some great rock, or the foot of some precipice which is pointed out as our camping-place for the night, looks at first as if it were only a few hundred feet off, but after hours of arduous ascent, it seems almost as far off as ever.

The human element of the Western mountains is greatly wanting in those of the East; for though here and there a monastery like Ki, or a village like Dankar may stand out picturesquely on the top of a hill, yet, for the most part, the dingy-coloured, flat-roofed Himáliyan hamlets are not easily distinguishable from the rocks amid which they stand. The scattered *châlets* and *sen* huts of Switzerland are wholly wanting; and the European traveller misses the sometimes bright and comely faces of the peasantry of the Alps. I need scarcely say, also, that the more wonderful scenes of the "Abode of Snow" are far from being easily accessible, even when we are in the heart of the great mountains. And it can hardly be said that the cloud-land of the Himáliya is so varied and gorgeous as that of the mountains of Europe, though the sky is of a deeper blue, and the heavens are much more brilliant at night.

But when all these admissions in favour of Switzerland are made, the Himáliya still remain unsurpassed, and even unapproached, as regards all the wilder and grander features of mountain scenery. There is nothing in the Alps which can afford even a faint idea of the savage desolation and appalling sublimity of many of the Himáliyan scenes. Nowhere, also, have the faces of the mountains been so scarred and riven by the nightly action of frost, and the mid-day floods from melting snow. In almost every valley we see places where whole peaks or sides of great mountains have very recently come shattering down; and the thoughtful traveller must feel that no

\* See "Switzerland in Summer and Autumn," by the author, in *Maga* for 1865-66.

power or knowledge he possesses can secure him against such a catastrophe, or prevent his bones being buried, so that there would be little likelihood of their release until the solid earth dissolves. And, though rare, there are sudden passages from these scenes of grandeur and savage desolation to almost tropical luxuriance, and more than tropical beauty of organic nature. Such changes are startling and delightful, as in the passage from Dras into the upper Sind valley of Kashmir; while there is nothing finer in the world of vegetation than the great cedars, pines, and sycamores of many of the lower valleys.

It is needless to look in the Himáliya for a population so energetic and interesting as the Swiss, the Vaudois, or the Tyrolese; and these mountains have no women whose attractions at all approach those of the Italian side of the Alps from Lugano eastward, or of the valleys of the Engadine and the Tyrol. The Tibetan population is hardly abundant enough, or of sufficiently strong *morale*, for heroic or chivalric efforts such as have been made by the ancient Greeks, the Swiss, the Waldenses, the Scotch Highlanders, and the mountaineers of some other parts of Europe and even of Asia. There are traditions enough among the Himáliya, but they usually relate either to the founding of monasteries, the destruction of invaders, like Zorawar Singh, whose forces had been previously dispersed by the troops of Lassa, or the death of travelling-parties in snowstorms, and from the avalanches of snow or rock. Nowhere, unless in the vast cloudy forms of Hindú mythology, do we meet with traditions of heroes or sages of whom it can be said, that

Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain;  
Their mem'ry sparkled o'er the fountain;  
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,  
Rolled mingling with their fame forever.

How easily Kashmir, with a European population, might have guarded its passes and preserved its independence! but it has scarcely ever made any attempt to do so; and the people of Tibet have not shown much more heroism, though they have had abundant experience of fighting. The introduction of Búdhism into this elevated country was no doubt accomplished only by means of much self-sacrifice on the part of its early missionaries; but the shadowy forms of that age are most indistinctly seen, and have little attraction for the modern European.

There is much of interest, however, in Lamaism and in the very peculiar customs of the Tibetan race; and I found it impossible to move among these people, especially in the more primitive parts of the country, without contracting a great liking for them, and admiration for their honesty, their patience, and their placidity of temper, in circumstances which must be trying for these virtues.

The Alps extend only for about six hundred miles, counting their extreme length from Hungary to the Mediterranean, and their lateral extent is very narrow; but the Himáliya proper are at least 1,500 miles in length. They are a great deal more if we add to them the Hindú Kúsh, which really constitute only a continuation of the range, and their breadth is so great that at some points it is more than half the entire length of the Alps. If, as Royle remarks, we consider the Hindú Kúsh to be a continuation, not so much of the Kuen-lung, as of the Himáliya, then these latter extend from the equator (by their branches into the Malaya Peninsula) to 45 degrees of north latitude, and over 73 degrees of longitude. That is a gigantic space of the earth's surface, and affords a splendid base for the giant peaks which rise up to almost thirty thousand feet; but, as I have already hinted, there is even more meaning than this, and more propriety than the Arabs themselves understood, in their phrase, "The Stony Girdle of the Earth," because this great central range can easily be traced from the mountains of Formosa in the China Sea to the Pyrenees, where they sink into the Mediterranean. This fact has not escaped the notice of geographers; and Dr. Mackay, especially, has drawn attention to it in his admirable "Manual of Modern Geography," though he has not known the expressive phrase of his Arab predecessors. The Western Himáliya are a series of nearly parallel ranges lying from south-east to north-west. They are properly the Central Himáliya; the Hindú Kúsh are the Western; and what are now called the Central Himáliya are the Eastern. These are the most obvious great natural divisions; but additional confusion is caused by the Inner Himáliya, or the interior ranges, being also sometimes spoken of as the Central. It is more usual, however, to take the Pamir Steppe as a centre, and to speak of the western range as a boundary wall to the high table-land of Western Asia, separating the waters of the

Arabian Gulf from those of the Caspian, the Black Sea, and the Aral. That portion consists of the Hindú Kúsh, the Parapomisan mountains, the Elburz, the Zagros of Kurdistan, Ararat and the Armenian mountains, the Taurus and Anti-Taurus; and these are continued through Europe in the mountains of Greece and European Turkey, the Alps, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees. The south-eastern range runs from the Pamir to the China Sea, in the Himáliya, and in the branches from it which go down into the Malay Peninsula and Annam. The eastern range goes nearly due east from the Pamir to the Pacific in the Kuen-lung, and in the Pe-ling, which separate the Yang-tze from the Yellow River. There is also a north-east range, which runs from the Pamir to Behring's Strait, including the Tengu Tagh, and several ranges in Siberia and Kamtchatka. But the Himáliya proper, with which we are concerned, may be said to be enclosed by the Indus, the Brahmapútra, and the great northern plain of India. That is a very simple and intelligible boundary line; for the two rivers rise close together in, or near in the neighbourhood of, Lake Mansoráwar; in the first part of their course they flow close behind the great ranges of the Himáliya, and they cut through the mountains at points where there is some reason for considering that new ranges commence.

In adopting "The Abode of Snow" as the running title of these papers, I only gave the literal meaning of the word Himáliya, which is a Sanscrit word, and is to be found in most of the languages of India. It is a compound word, composed of *hima*, snow or winter, and *aliya* or *aldya*, an abode or place. Its component parts are thus *Hima-aliya*; and as the double *a* is contracted into one, even the infant philologist of modern times will perceive the erroneousess of our ordinary English way of pronouncing the word as "Himáláya."\* The

\* We are not quite so bad as the French in this respect; but, as a general rule, the infant philologist (and all infants are in a fair way of being philologists nowadays) will find it pretty safe always to reverse the accents which he finds Englishmen putting upon foreign names. Even such a simple and obvious word as Brindisi we must turn into Brindisi; and it is still worse when we come to give names of our own to localities. What a descent from "The Abode of Snow" to "The Hills" of the Anglo-Indians, even when the latter phrase may come from a rosebud mouth! But that is not so striking an example of our national taste as one which has occurred in Jamaica, where a valley which used to be called by the Spaniards the "Bocaguas," or "Mouth of the Waters," has been transmuted by us into "Bog Walks." A still more curious transmuta-

Sanscrit word *hima* is also sometimes used to signify the moon and a pearl; but even thus a portion of its original meaning is denoted. No doubt this *hima* is closely cognate with the Latin *hiems* and *hibernus*, for *himermus*; with the Greek *χίον* (*chiōn*), the Persico-Zend *zim* and *zima*, and the Slavonic *zima*, a word used for winter. As the great abode of the gods is held by the Hindús to be in the Himáliya, and the word Himáliya itself is used by them in that sense, it is obvious that *Himmel*, the German word for heaven, comes from the same source; and it is the only instance I know of in European languages which takes in both compounds. This must surely have occurred to the lexicographers, but I have not noticed any reference to it. It also occurs to me that the word "Imaus," which Milton uses in the third book of "Paradise Lost," and which he took from Pliny, may very likely be from *himas*, another Sanscrit form used for winter and for the Himáliya. In Hindú mythology these mountains are personified as the husband of Manaka. He was also the father of Dúrga, the great goddess of destruction, who became incarnate as Parvati, or the "daughter of the mountain," in order to captivate Siva and withdraw him from a penance which he had undertaken to perform in the Himáliya. It is, then, with the god of destruction and his no less terrible spouse, that the Himáliya are more specially associated, rather than with the brighter form of Vishnu, the Preserver; but the whole Hindú pantheon are also regarded as dwelling among the inaccessible snowy peaks of these inaccessible mountains. Neither Cretan Ida nor Thessalian Olympus can boast of such a company; and, looking up to the snows of the Kailas, it may well be said that—

Every legend fair,  
Which the supreme Caucasian mind  
Carv'd out of nature for itself, is there.

Being a boundary wall to the Tibetan and other elevated plains of Central Asia, the Himáliya are usually steep towards the Indian side, and more gradual

tion, though of a reverse order, occurred in Hong-Kong, in the early days of that so-called colony. There was a street there, much frequented by sailors, in which Chinese damsels used to sit at the windows and greet the passers-by with the invitation, "Come 'long, Jack;" consequently the street became known by the name of the "Come 'long Street," which in the Chinese mouth was *Kum Lung*, or "The Golden Dragon." So, when the streets were named and placarded, "Come along Street" appeared, both in Chinese and English, as the Street of the Golden Dragon.

towards the north, the strata dipping to the north-east; but this rule has many exceptions, as in the case of the Kailas and the lofty mountains forming the southern boundary of the Shigri valley. There the fall is as abrupt as it could well be towards the north, and the twenty-three-thousand-feet Akun peaks in Súrú seem to stand up like needles. The statement frequently made that there is more soil and more springs on the northern than on the southern side, applies specially only to that portion of the exterior range which runs from the Narkanda Ghaut up to the Kailas. The line of perpetual snow is very high in the Himáliya, and its height detracts somewhat from their grandeur in July and August, though that increases their savage appearance. In the western ranges it goes up so high as 18,500 feet on their southern and nineteen thousand feet on their northern faces; but this only means that we find exposed surfaces of rock at these heights, and must not be taken as a literal rule. Where snow can lodge it is rare to find bare tracks above sixteen thousand feet at any period of the year; and even in August a snowstorm may cover everything down to twelve thousand feet, or even lower. There are great beds of snow and glaciers which remain unmoved during the summer far below eighteen thousand feet. In the Swiss Alps the line of perpetual snow is 8,900 feet; so there is the enormous difference on this point of ten thousand feet between the two mountain ranges; and so it may be conceived how intense must be the heat in summer of the deeper valleys of the Himáliya: but in winter the snow comes down in the latter mountains to three thousand feet or lower occasionally; so that there may be a range of twenty-six thousand feet of snow instead of fourteen thousand as among the Alps.

The arrest of the clouds of the Indian south-east monsoon on the outer range of the Himáliya combines, with other causes, to create an extraordinary dryness of atmosphere, and this aridity increases on the steppes beyond. Hence, even when the temperature may be very low, there is often very little snow to be deposited, and the accumulations on the high mountains have been the work of ages. It has often been observed, in polar and mountainous regions, how great is the power of solar rays passing through highly rarefied air; and upon the great heights of the Himáliya, the effect of these rays is something terrible.

When they are reflected from new-fallen snow their power is so intense, that I have seen them raise my thermometer (when placed at a particular angle against a great sheet of sunlit snow and exposed at the same time to the direct rays of the sun) from a little above freezing-point, which was the temperature of the air, to 192° Fahrenheit, or between the points at which spirits boil and water boils at the level of the sea. It is remarkable that in spite of this, and though snow-blindness is often the result, yet no cases of sunstroke appear to occur in the Himáliya, and supports the theory that sunstroke partakes more of the character of heat-apoplexy than of mere injury to the head in the first instance. The difference of temperature between the days and nights is not such as might be expected from the extremely rapid radiation of heat there is at high altitudes. The change arising from that cause would be almost killing were it not for the fortunate fact that the atmosphere forced up by the warmth of the day descends at night, and, being condensed, gives out heat. The cold of the Himáliya has been known suddenly to kill people when they were exposed to sudden gusts of wind, though they could safely have borne a much lower temperature in still air. The wind is certainly the great drawback both to health and comfort among these great mountains; but, as we have seen, it has its advantage, being caused by the elevation of heated air from below, which, afterwards descending and contracting, renders the nights endurable. I understand that the monks of St. Bernard, who go up to that monastery at eighteen years of age, vowed to remain there for fifteen years, only in rare instances are able to remain so long, and that does not say much for high mountain air; but it may be the seclusion of their life up there, and other defects in it, which makes that life so injurious to them. If any one would allow me a thousand a year on condition that I always keep above twelve thousand feet, I should be happy to make the experiment, and to write a warm obituary notice of my benefactor when he dies below.

But to return to the Shigri valley: my second camping-place there was destitute of wood; but it was very grassy and sheltered. The *bigarries* had the advantage of an immense stone under which there were small hollows for them to sleep in; and there was good water accessible, which is often a difficulty, be-

cause though there may be "water, water everywhere" about in those regions, both in a solid and a liquid shape, it does not necessarily follow that it can be easily got at; for you may have to descend a precipice of a thousand feet in order to get at the river, or to ascend as high to reach the glacier, which ceases to give out streams towards evening. At three P.M., the thermometer was so low as 40°, though during the day there had been a blazing sun and no clouds. From this spot, on the third day, the road was literally frightful, not so much in the sense of being dangerous as exasperating. It chiefly went over great stones, with scarcely the affectation, even, of a track. Sometimes it followed the bed of the Chandra, anon ascended the steep stony or precipitous banks of that river, and wound along the edge of precipices on paths fit only for deer or goats. We had to ford quite a number of cold streams, which did not fail to evoke plaintive cries from the women, and crossed at the foot of several glaciers, which did not appear to descend quite to the river, but very possibly did so, because I had neither time nor patience for close examination, and the shattered debris I several times crossed might well have had ice beneath. It was necessary to dismount and scramble on foot every now and then; and nine continuous hours of this sort of thing were too much for an invalid. The Spiti pony could be trusted almost implicitly; but many of the ascents were too much for it with a rider; riding among the great stones endangered one's knees, and, on some of the high paths, there was not room for it to pass with a rider. And if the pony could be trusted, not so could its saddle, which very nearly brought us both to grief. We came to some high steps—that is to say, large stones lying so as to make natural steps each about two and a half or three feet high—leading down upon a narrow rock ledge, which ran (above a precipice) slightly turned inwards from the line of descent. It was madness to ride down here; but I had been so worried by the fatigue of the road, and by constant mounting and dismounting, that I preferred doing so, and the pony quite justified my confidence. But at the most critical moment, when it stepped with both feet from the last stone on to the ledge, when I was leaning back to the very utmost, and everything was at the highest strain, then, just as its feet struck the rock, the crupper gave way, and the sad-

dle slipped forward on the pony's neck, throwing us both off our balance. We must have both gone over hundreds of feet had not a preservative instinct enabled me to throw myself off the saddle upon the ledge of rock. This movement, of course, was calculated to send the pony outwards, and, all the more surely, overboard; but in falling I caught hold of its mane, pulled it down on the top of me, and held it there until some of the *bigarries* came to our release. A short time elapsed before they did so, and the little pony seemed quite to understand, and acquiesce in, the necessity of remaining still. I was riding alone at the time of the accident, and, had we gone over, should probably not have been missed at the time, or found afterwards. Nor can I exactly say that it was I myself who saved us both, because there was not an instant's time for thought in the matter. All I know is, that it was done, and that I was a good deal bruised and stiffened by the fall. I had to lie down, quite exhausted and sore, whenever I reached our third day's camping-ground, which was a very exposed, dusty, and disagreeable one.

Next morning I did not start till eight, and ordered all the *bigarries* to keep behind me, as I was afraid of their pushing on to Kokser, a distance which would have been too much for me. The road in many places was nearly as bad as that of the previous day, and there were dangerous descents into deep ravines; but, in part, it was very pleasant, running high above the river over rounded hills covered with flowery grass. The way was also enlivened by flocks of sheep, some laden with salt, and by very civil shepherds from Kúlú and Bussahir. The usual camping-ground was occupied by large flocks, and, for the sake of shelter, I had to camp close above a precipice. Here I purchased from the Kúlú shepherds a wonderful young dog called Djeóla, a name which, with my Indian servants and the public in general, very soon got corrupted into Julia. This animal did not promise at first to be any acquisition. Though only five or six months old, it became perfectly furious on being handed over to me and tied up. I fastened it to my tent-pole, the consequence of which was that it tore the drill, nearly pulled the tent down, hanged itself until it was insensible, and I only got to sleep after somehow it managed to escape. I recovered it, however, next morning; and after a few days it became

quite accustomed to me and affectionate. Djeola was a source of constant amusement. I never knew a dog in which there was so fresh a spring of strong simple life. But the curious thing is that it had all the appearance of a Scotch collie, though considerably larger than any of these animals. Take a black-and-tan collie, double its size, and you have very much what "Julia" became after he had been a few months in my possession; for when I got him he was only five or six months old. The only differences were that the tail was thicker and more bushy, the jaw more powerful, and he had large dew-claws upon his hind feet. Black dogs of this kind are called *sussa* by the Tibetans, and the red species, of which I had a friend at Pú, are *mustang*. The wild dog is said to go up to the snow-line in the Himálya, and to hunt in packs; but I never saw or heard of any, and I suspect their habitat is only the Indian side of the Himálya. Such packs of dogs undoubtedly exist on the Western Ghats of India, and they are not afraid of attacking the tiger, overcoming it piecemeal, while the enraged lord of the forest can only destroy a small number of his assailants; but very little is really known about them. An interesting field for the zoologist is still open in an examination of the wild dog of Western India, the wild ass, yak, and horse of Tibet, and the wild camel, which is rumoured still to exist in the forests to the east of Yarkund. I mentioned this latter animal to Dr. Stolicska, who had not heard of it, and thought that such camels would be only specimens of the domestic species which had got loose and established themselves, with their progeny, in the wilderness; but the subject is worthy of investigation, from a scientific point of view; and, perhaps, the Yarkund Mission may have brought back some information in regard to it.

But though Djeola was most savage on being tied up and transferred to a new owner, there was nothing essentially savage, rude, brutish, or currish in its nature. Indeed it very soon reminded me of the admirable words of one of the most charming of English writers upon dogs: "Take an example of a dogy, and mark what generosity and courage he will put on when he is maintained by a man who to him is instead of a god or *melior natura*." It not only became reconciled to me, but watched

over me with an almost ludicrous fidelity, and never got entirely reconciled even to my servants. The striking my tent in the morning was an interference with its private property to which it strongly objected, and if not kept away at that time it would attack the *bigarries* engaged. I also found on getting to Kashmir that it regarded all Sahibs as suspicious characters, to be laid hold of at once; but, fortunately, it had a way of seizing them without doing much damage, as it would hold a sheep, and the men it did seize were good-natured sportsmen. It delighted in finding any boy among our *bigarries* that it could tyrannize over, but never really hurt him. It was very fond of biting the heels of yaks and horses, and then thinking itself ill-treated when they kicked. Its relations with Nako were also amusing. That old warrior had no jealousy of Djeola, and treated it usually with silent contempt, unless it drew near when he was feeding—a piece of temerity which the young dog soon learned the danger of. But Djeola would sometimes indulge in gamesome and affectionate fits towards Nako, which the latter never invited and barely tolerated, and which usually resulted in a short and sharp fight, in which Djeola got speedily vanquished, but took its punishment as a matter of course, and without either fear or anger. I had intended this Himálian giant sheep-dog for the admirable writer and genial sage, Dr. John Brown, who has given us "Rab and his Friends," who would have been able to do justice to its merits and compare it with the sheep-dogs of Scotland, but could not arrange that conveniently, and left it with a friend at Púna.

When in the Shigri valley I kept a watch for any symptoms of gold, but did not notice any, and on other grounds should not think it likely that gold exists there in any quantity. But Mr. Theodor, a German employed in carrying out the construction of the road over the Barra Lucka Pass, told me that he had found silver ore in this valley. I may mention that the first great glacier which I crossed has pushed its way into the Chandra, and threatens to close up that river in a very serious manner, as it once did before, which might lead to disasters in the valleys of the Chandra-Bhaga and of the Chenab, similar to those which occurred in the Drance and upper Rhone valleys of Switzerland in 1595 and 1819.

From The Saturday Review.

## THE CENTENARY NUISANCE.

THE Americans have lately been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Lexington. It was not a very big battle, but it was undeniably a very important one; and it would be absurd to grudge them any satisfaction which they may derive from firing the usual salvos of congratulatory orations, poems, and festivities. It is melancholy to think, however, that we are probably entering upon a round of such celebrations. Next year will of course see the biggest of all possible celebrations of the inevitable Fourth of July. We pity the unfortunate orators who are perhaps even now cudgelling their brains for something new to say upon an event which has already been the pretext for an unparalleled quantity of nonsense; but we admit that the performance is inevitable. We think, however, with a certain alarm of possibilities nearer home. We in this country are perhaps not likely to celebrate the centenary of our final riddance of a very troublesome set of subjects; for we must confess that, however desirable the result, it was brought about in the most objectionable way and reflected the least possible credit upon our intelligence. But so many distinguished people were born towards the end of the last century, and the taste for such celebrations seems to be so much on the increase, that we may look forward to a deluge of platitudes. The centenary of Byron's birth, for example, as we were reminded the other day by an enthusiastic contemporary, is not far ahead, and the edifying discussion started by Mrs. Beecher Stowe has hardly had time to grow cool. We shall probably have it all over again, together with a discussion as to the propriety of removing the poet's remains to Westminster Abbey. Inferior luminaries abound. The centenary of the birth of Scott's friend, Leyden, is to be celebrated this year with all the fervour of North-British patriotism. Worse than all, the era of the French Revolution is approaching, and will give an admirable opening for eloquence still more vehement and a great deal less unanimous than that which will be expended next year in America.

To protest against the custom is of course futile. There are so many orators who like to hear themselves talk, so many small officials who like to be in the chair at a public meeting, and so much

willingness in the public to listen to any quantity of twaddle, that the practice is certain to flourish. It is useless to ask for its logical justification, because logic has obviously nothing to do with it. There is no more reason why we should turn our eyes backwards to a distance of precisely one hundred years than to a distance of ninety-nine or one hundred and one. But the human mind is governed by arbitrary associations, and we must take the consequences. There is, indeed, a rough propriety in fixing some such period. We may say with some approach to accuracy that a book does not permanently take its place in literature till it has lived for a century—that is to say, for about three generations. Such a length of vitality shows, in fact, that its celebrity was not a mere matter of accidental fashion. The first glow of success is generally followed by a period of depression, because the second generation naturally despises the taste of the first. The best of sons generally thinks that his father was a bit of a fool. The change of taste which has taken place in our own time, and which is therefore due to our own exertions, seems to be a change from darkness to light. Though we may admit in general terms that the generation which preceded us contained some exemplary characters, we nevertheless regard their ultimate point of attainment as, in some sense, our starting-point. We measure our own excellence by our divergence from the paternal errors. But when it comes to a question between ourselves and our grandfathers, we can judge more fairly, for the competition is not so close. The fact, therefore, that a book has suffered an eclipse in the second generation proves nothing specifically against it; for such a reaction is more or less necessary in all cases. The question is whether it will ever emerge again; and if it does, we have some reason to suppose that it is a fixed star, instead of a mere meteor. It is, for example, about a century since the publication of the "Wealth of Nations" and the first volumes of Gibbon's "History." Their reputation, though it may have changed in character, still substantially survives; admired whilst the eighteenth-century spirit was still in full force, they were not destroyed by the reaction which came in with the next generation, and their fame may now be regarded as permanently established. We could not say as much for the Johnsonian writings which were then popular,

but which seem to have retired permanently from the reading-table to the library under the influence of the general change of taste. What is true of books is true to some degree of events. The frantic enthusiasm which greeted the French Revolution was changed for unqualified denunciation; and we ought by this time to be reaching a position from which we can take a juster view of its true bearings. The passions, however, survive longer in such cases. We can argue pretty calmly about the merits of Washington and Lord North; but we have no great hope that in the year 1889 people will be all of one mind as to the merits of the controversy between Burke and Tom Paine. A centenary celebration of the capture of the Bastille would probably find two parties arrayed against each other with rather more bitterness of feeling than existed in the day of their great-grandfathers. If, indeed, celebrations of such events had to be adjourned until passions had grown cool, we may say that they would never take place until the complete decay of the old order of things. We might possibly celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Hastings without much offence to anybody; but a celebration even of the defeat of the Spanish Armada would cause certain ebullitions of hostility between Mr. Whalley and Cardinal Manning. Millenary would have to be substituted for centenary celebrations if we desired perfect calmness of feeling; but that, of course, is not what is wanted. They are really occasions for the expression of partisan, or at best of patriotic, feeling, and the pleasure of burning Guy Fawkes will pretty well disappear when all the world has been brought to perfect unity of religious faith.

Meanwhile we would suggest that, as such things must be, it would perhaps be as well to celebrate them in a rather different spirit. We should celebrate our fasts as well as our feasts, and sometimes sit in sackcloth and ashes, instead of arraying ourselves in purple and fine linen, lighting bonfires, and firing indefinite salutes. Why should we not sometimes lament the sins of our ancestors, or think of their virtues with a sense rather of humiliation than of self-complacency? In the good old times we used to humble ourselves for the murder of the royal martyr; now we never speak of a national crime crept to give thanks that we are not as those sinners, our great-grandfathers, and we use historical

revolutions only as material for rather ludicrous self-applause. We shout over our wonderful achievements, and declare that we are ready to achieve things more wonderful still. Our ancestors were wise and good and rich; we are wiser and better and richer, and improving at a greater rate than ever was known before. In calmer moments we are quite aware that this is not altogether an accurate statement of this case; but we keep our gloomier thoughts for ordinary consumption, and do not think them, it would seem, sufficiently instructive to be brought out on great occasions. Yet surely an occasional fit of general lamentation over our follies would not be altogether misplaced. There are undeniably "rocks ahead;" and we are not the more likely to steer clear of them if we indulge in a series of jollifications and never temper our exhilaration with an exhibition of humility. The Americans are going to make all manner of fine speeches about the great days of 1776. Why should not we have something to say upon the subject? Let us have a dinner of herbs and water instead of turtle-soup and champagne. Let the lord mayor and the prime minister and the popular speakers of the day walk in procession through the streets, apparelled in their shabbiest clothes, and drink in solemn silence to the memory of a departed empire. And then let a speaker arise, not to pour out floods of gushing sentiment, and declare that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, but in lugubrious and depressed spirits, endeavouring to provoke tears rather than bursts of repeated applause. Let him think upon the short-sightedness which lost a great empire, or upon the folly which, if the empire had to dissolve, caused the dissolution to be attended with a bitterness which has not yet died out. Let him dwell upon the stupidity which threw away British armies upon hopeless enterprises, the want of unity which paralyzed all our plans, and the stupidity of a Parliament which ridiculed Burke and Chatham and believed in the wisdom of North. Let him point out that we have no right to shift the blame off our own shoulders upon those of poor George III., inasmuch as the people were quite as stupid as their rulers. And then let him ask whether we are so much better now; whether we have the true spirit for ruling a great empire; whether Parliament is more given to action and less to talk; whether our military effi-

ciency has improved in proportion to its costliness, and whether, if our ancestors had a Wilkes to represent them, we have not a Kenealy. Perhaps too he might find some profitable material for humiliating reflections in contrasting the America of 1876 with the America of the Revolution. It has grown rich and populous, but has it not developed certain questionable products with a still more rapid growth? Might not something be said about log-rolling and wire-pulling and Erie railroads, and antipathies between North and South, and even about the contrast between a Grant and a Washington? To bring out fairly all the unpleasant sides of the contrast, it would doubtless be best that a supply of English orators should be sent to the United States with a reciprocal importation of Americans to us. But in such a case it would be necessary to have a strong force of police present at the various celebrations, or to agree that no demands should be made by either country for damages, direct or indirect, done to over-zealous orators.

Or, if we take the more personal kind of centenary, we might still find room for reflections more profitable than agreeable. If anything should be said about Byron's weaknesses and vices a few years hence, it will probably be to the effect that we ought to congratulate ourselves on our superior respectability. Yet we might ask whether there is not a contrast of a less gratifying kind. If we are more respectable, is it not true that we are less masculine? and if it happens that some of our popular writers are as little bound as he was by the ordinary considerations of morality, do they not sink into a kind of vicious writing more hateful because less virile? We abuse our excellent ancestors for not rewarding the merits of a Burns. It was very wrong, but at any rate they had a Burns; and the art of spoiling a genius by flattery, or encouraging his most morbid tendencies, does not seem to have been entirely lost in modern times. To take stock of our shortcomings as well as of our advantages should surely be part of any wise system for recalling the remarkable men and events of former days. But any such sentiments are inappropriate in the incoherent conviviality which seems to be regarded as essential to centenary celebrations. And therefore we are forced to think that they are not for the most part very profitable performances. Americans will be all the more

conceited because they did a considerable thing a hundred years ago, and we shall be none the humbler because we committed a great folly. Perhaps the fittest state of mind for getting through the world is to be neither optimist nor pessimist, but to take things as they come and make the best of them, satisfied that, if the world makes progress on the whole, it is a progress ever at the cost of incessant blundering waste, and blind contest between chaotic and antagonist forces. If, however, the optimists are to have great field-days at frequent intervals, it would be as well that the pessimists should occasionally take a turn. Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Greg should be invited occasionally to add a few shades to the glowing pictures of Dean Stanley and other popular orators. They would be equal to the task.

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From The Spectator.

#### MR. SMITH'S ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

IN a lecture before the Society of Biblical Archaeology, on December 3, 1872, Mr. Smith gave a translation and account of a recent discovery which he had made in the great collection of cuneiform inscriptions in the British Museum of the Chaldean account of the deluge. The resemblances—though with wide differences—between this account and that of the Bible were such as to attract more popular attention and interest than would otherwise have been awakened by the subject; while to certain philologists there was the further attraction in the announcement that the tablet (of which three copies, though all imperfect, had been found) was one of a series of twelve, giving the history of an unknown hero, whose adventures, it was suggested, might bear some legendary relation to the twelve signs of the zodiac, and thus add new evidence in favour of the fashionable doctrine of solar mythology. The proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, emulous of their great New York contemporary, came forward with an offer of a thousand guineas to be expended in making further researches at Nineveh for the recovery of more of these interesting inscriptions, if the expedition were conducted by Mr. Smith, and the *Telegraph* supplied by him from time to time with reports of his travels and his discoveries. The trustees of the British Museum gave their consent and leave of

absence to Mr. Smith, who accordingly left London on the 20th January, 1873, and reached Nineveh and Mosul (the modern city on the opposite side of the river) on the 2nd of March. Another month passed before the arrival of the firman, without which the governor would allow no excavations, and even forbade — though Mr. Smith did not submit to this restriction — any visits to the sites and ruins of the ancient cities. But at last he was able to begin.

Though most of Mr. Smith's readers will have been already acquainted with Mr. Layard's fuller accounts of his excavations, carried on for a much longer period and with such wonderful results, they will find in the report of Mr. Smith's visit to the same places the sort of pleasure which comes from a second visit to an old familiar place of interest. He first began, as Mr. Layard had done before him, at Nimroud, twenty miles south of Nineveh, and the mounds of which cover the remains of the ancient Assyrian city of Calah, which, from the magnificence of the still-existing ruins, must have rivalled Nineveh itself in importance, at some periods of Assyrian history. Here Mr. Smith found the trenches excavated by Mr. Layard still partially open, and the remains of the palaces of Shalmaneser II., Sargon, and Esarhaddon, with their vast courts, halls, and chambers, and the gigantic winged human-headed bulls and lions at the entrances, of which many still may be seen in their places, though some of them are familiar to us all at the British Museum. The details of Mr. Smith's excavations here are curious and interesting, — remains of steps, apparently to an upper storey; walls of rooms plastered and coloured in horizontal bands of red, green, and yellow; drains with bricks inscribed on the under side with a legend of Shalmaneser II. (B.C. 860); and in one of the rooms a brick receptacle let into the floor, covered with a brick, and containing six terra-cotta winged figures, closely packed, and each having a lion's head, four wings, one hand across the breast, holding a basket in the other, clothed with a dress reaching to the feet, and probably put there as charms to preserve the building from evil spirits. But no inscription of historical interest was now found here except the upper portion of a tablet of Tiglath-Pileser II., the contemporary of Ahaz, king of Judah, whose name is found among Tiglath-Pileser's tributaries

in another copy of the same inscription which was already published.

After a month's work at Nimroud, Mr. Smith returned to explore the site of Nineveh, — "a large enclosure, covered with low mounds, surrounded by the ruins of a magnificent wall, about eight miles in circuit, and broken on the western side by two great artificial mounds, Kouyunjik, or Tel Armush, and Nebbi Yunas." These mounds (the latter of which is now crowned with an Arab village, and named from a tomb supposed to be that of the prophet Jonah) were covered with palaces and temples by successive kings of Assyria, in a fashion like that in which the Roman emperors crowded the forum and the adjoining hills with like buildings. The excavations of Mr. Layard and of the Turkish government brought to light the remains of the palaces of Vul-nirari (B.C. 812), Sennacherib (B.C. 705), and Esarhaddon, son of Sennacherib (B.C. 681), at Nebbi Yunas; while the northern mound of Kouyunjik is occupied by the remains of palaces of Sennacherib and his grandson Assurbanipal, the Sardanapalus of the Greeks, and appears from the inscriptions to have also formed the site of four temples, — to Ishtar, Nebo, and Mero-dach — for which there was sufficient space on a part of the mound where no buildings have yet been found. Among these ruins, in the Kouyunjik mound, Mr. Smith had been at work for a week, when (on the 14th of May), on sitting down "to examine the store of fragments of cuneiform inscriptions from the day's digging, taking out and brushing off the earth from the fragments, to read their contents," he found one which contained the greater portion of seventeen lines of inscription belonging to the first column of the Chaldean accounts of the deluge, and fitting into the only place where there was a serious blank in the story. Mr. Smith does not say precisely, but we suppose him to mean that this fragment belonged to another copy of the story, and not that it was the missing bit of the actual tablet of which the rest was in the British Museum; for he apparently found this new fragment in the north palace, while those which he discovered in the British Museum, and of which there were three copies, were from "the Assyrian library," which we suppose to be that found in the south-west palace. The "surprise and gratification" of the discovery were followed by disappointment when, on

Mr. Smith telegraphing to the *Daily Telegraph* what he had found, he was informed in reply that the proprietors considered that this discovery of the missing fragment of the deluge had accomplished the object they had in view, and that they declined to prosecute the excavations further. Mr. Smith, therefore, returned home, but the trustees of the British Museum sent him out again in the autumn of the same year with a grant of £1,000, to make further excavations during the remainder of the time allowed by the firman which the proprietors of the *Telegraph* had obtained, and which they now handed over to the trustees, together with the excavating plant. This time expired on March 10, 1874, and Mr. Smith was able before it had elapsed to make many important additions to the collections of the previous year. His narrative of his two expeditions is lively and interesting; his adventures are amusing to read, and we hope for him to remember, though they must have often been harassing enough at the time. The shabby tricks of the local Turkish officials—even in spite of the firman and of distinct orders from Constantinople—were frequent; he twice found himself the bearer of letters which he was told would direct the next authorities to forward him on his road, but which proved to be intended to delay or annoy him; his excavations were hindered by various devices, the latest of which was a charge of blasphemy laid to his dragoman. Here is a specimen of the annoyances to which he was perpetually subject:—

Orders were afterwards sent from Bagdad to Mosul to impede me on my return, to place a guard upon me, and not to let me leave Mosul without giving up half the things I had discovered to the Imperial Museum. I have stated that when at Aleppo I had sent to ask one of the irregular soldiers who attended me to meet me at Nisibin. On arriving at Nisibin, I soon found that he had not come, and when I reached Mosul I heard the reason. It appeared that on receiving my message, application was made through the French consul to allow the man to come and meet me, and the pacha announced that the man should be sent; but when the messenger's back was turned, the Turk reversed the order, and said the man should not be permitted to leave the town. It is this line of conduct which makes it so difficult to deal with the Turks. When, on my return to Mosul, I visited the governor, he told me part of the difficulty, and declared that he should have to carry out his instructions, and he had therefore sent to stop my men from excavating until he saw me. I re-

quested him to reverse this order to stop my men, which he did, and then we discussed the questions between the excavations and the Turkish orders. I declared I was favourable to Turkey, and should be very glad to see the Turkish government have a good museum, and to that end I should be glad to show them a number of good antiquities, and assist them in getting others; but I said I could not part with half my collection without spoiling it, and doing them no good. I said I was sent to collect fragments to complete our inscriptions, many of which, being imperfect, were now useless; and I stated that if they took these fragments, they would not be complete or satisfactory inscriptions, but they would prevent us from completing ours; and I asked them what would be the use, if they had one half of an inscription at Constantinople, while we had the other half in London? At this reasoning the Turks laughed; they said they did not understand antiquities, and if I pointed anything out, I should point out worthless things to them; and they must have half of the things I collected, to make sure they had good ones. My visit ended without any satisfactory result, and from that time I was subjected to perpetual annoyance. I was refused guards I could trust, the Turks saying that by kindness I had won the men to my interest; my movements were watched, a scribe as a spy was set over the works, and my superintendents were called up before the court and charged with concealing the antiquities. . . . Before leaving the town, I pointed out to the Turkish officers who had charge of the collection I had given to the Porte a number of fine sculptures and a colossal statue, which I recommended them to remove to Constantinople, but they said they would not pay for removing them; and I had even to give them a box to keep the smaller antiquities in, which I had presented to them.

The latter half of Mr. Smith's volume\* consists of a more or less detailed account of the results of his excavations, which altogether were carried on for less than four months. Besides a number of interesting objects, such as rings, seals, lamps, statues and statuettes, or idols, and part of an astrolabe, he obtained more than three thousand inscriptions, or fragments of inscriptions, many of which complete the fragments already existing in the British Museum, while others add to the previously discovered legends, lists of kings, astronomical and geographical records, laws, contracts, deeds of sale, letters, despatches, and some more of those bilingual tablets, syllaba-

\* *Assyrian Discoveries; an Account of Explorations and Discoveries on the Site of Nineveh, during 1873 and 1874.* By George Smith. With Illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Low, and Searle. 1875.

ries, and other lists which—as we explained in a former article in the *Spectator*—have thrown so much light on the decipherment of the inscriptions, by revealing the fact of the existence of another earlier language than the Assyrian, which supplied the written form of the latter with that ideographic element which has still to be distinguished from the phonetic, or alphabetical, in deciphering the inscriptions. As Mr. Sayce says, in the preface to his “Assyrian Grammar,” “The cuneiform characters were primarily hieroglyphics (like the Chinese), and were invented by a Turanian population of Babylonia. These in their several dialects assigned various names to the object denoted by the same hieroglyphic, and when the latter came to be used as a phonetic character, the various names became so many phonetic sounds; every character, however, continued to be employed as an ideograph as well as phonetically.”

Mr. Smith gives a new translation of the deluge-legend, introducing the considerable portions which he discovered as described above, and making some changes in those of which he had originally read and published a version. Among these is the substitution of the name of “Hasisadra” for “Sisit,” and he points out that Hasisadra appears to be the Xisithrus of Berossus, the Chaldean priest who wrote in Greek a history of Babylonia, from the archives in the temple of Belus, in the third century B.C., and among the still existing fragments of which history are two accounts of the deluge, which Mr. Smith gives for comparison. The coincidences with the Biblical account—though accompanied by great differences—are numerous and striking enough to serve as weapons of attack and defence which the dogmatists of belief and unbelief are equally skilful in employing against each other. We will here only observe that, whether the Chaldean or the Hebrew be the older legend, whether the former is a corrupted and degenerate form of the latter, or the latter a revised and purified form of the other, the superiority of the Hebrew—notwithstanding some fine passages in the Chaldean—is marked alike in poetic and in moral and religious dignity. In the Hebrew we have no gods flying from the deluge in droves like dogs, nor gathering like flies round the sacrifice with which the occupants of the ark celebrated their deliverance.

Our space does not allow of our giving even a summary of Mr. Smith's account of the historical or astronomical inscriptions brought home by him. Many of them, as he says, have still to be copied and translated, and we may add, studied and re-studied, before the value of these discoveries can be appreciated. The accounts of the astronomical tablets and of the part of an astrolabe found in Sennacherib's palace are very curious; so are those of the directions (as they seem to be) for inscriptions to be carved by workmen over the various sculptures in the palace, such as “Line of battle of Temman, King of Elam,” “Head of Temman, King of Elam,” and others. Then we have a petition to Sennacherib to order repairs in the queen's palace, a deed of sale of a slave-girl to one of Sennacherib's palace-women; contracts of sale of the time of Sargon, of which the body (as we understand Mr. Smith) are in Assyrian, while on the edge is a docket in Phœnician,—such as “the sale by Almalek of the cultivated field,” agreeing with the cuneiform inscription on the tablet itself; and other curiosities of Assyrian literature. Most of these new tablets seem to have come from that vast collection which Mr. Layard first opened in what he named the Library Chamber, in the palace of Sennacherib at Kouyunjik, and which Assurbanipal is supposed to have collected or completed. Mr. Smith says:—

My principal excavation was, however, carried on over what Layard calls the Library Chamber of the palace. Layard, who discovered the Library Chamber, describes it as full of fragments of tablets, up to a foot or more from the floor. This chamber Layard cleared out, and brought its treasures to England, but I was satisfied on examining the collection at the British Museum that not one half of the library had been brought home, and steadily adhered to the belief that the rest of the tablets must be in the palace of Sennacherib. In accordance with this idea, I found nearly three thousand fragments of tablets in the chambers round Layard's Library Chamber, and from the position of these fragments I am led to the opinion that the library was not originally in these chambers, but in an upper storey of the palace, and that on the ruin of the building they fell into the chambers below. Some of the chambers in which I found inscribed tablets had no communication with each other, while fragments of the same tablets were in them; and looking at this fact, and the positions and distribution of the fragments, the hypothesis that the library was in the upper storey of the palace seems to me the most likely one.

And in another place he says:—

I have calculated that there remain at least twenty thousand fragments of this valuable collection buried in the unexcavated portions of the palace, and it would require £5,000 and three years' work to fairly recover this treasure.

We would suggest that "Rolls House" would be a better name than "Library Chamber" for a collection of the character as well as extent thus described. And in conclusion, we commend this interesting volume to every student of comparative history, for the valuable material it affords for that method of investigation.

HERR WEYPRECHT, the leader of the Austro-Hungarian Polar Expedition, describes the auroral and magnetic phenomena of the region between Novaya Zemlya and Francis Joseph Land as very remarkable. He says no pen or pencil can give any idea of the beauty of the northern lights at their greatest intensity. In February, 1874, the auroral discharge made a broad powerful stream of fire from west to east across the zenith, varied by continuous and intense swift-moving waves of rainbow-coloured light from one side of the horizon to the other. The lights also danced up from the southern horizon to the magnetic pole, making altogether the most splendid firework-nature could display. He considers the region above mentioned to be one of maximum auroral manifestation. Three kinds of aurora were noticed: one a quiet regular arch, stretching upwards from the southern horizon over the zenith, and growing pale on the northern horizon. Another, consisting in more distant light-bands continually changing their position and shape, and composed either of distinct rays, or different light; and lastly, the appearance of a corona, with rays streaming from, or towards, the magnetic pole. This is usually white with a slight tinge of green, and in cases of great intensity and motion, rays of prismatic colours, often very bright, shoot forth.

He detected the well-known green line by using a spectroscope; but his instrument was feeble, and the observations not to be compared with those of the Swedish expedition.

With regard to the supposed connection between the northern lights and the weather, he found strong flaming exhibitions usually followed by storms. Magnetic disturbances were closely associated with the phenomena. He caused three thousand readings of magnetic instruments to be made, and these have still to be reduced; the principal results are, however, as follows:—Magnetic storms are of extraordinary magnitude and frequency in that region. They stand in the closest relation to the auroral discharges, and the disturbances are greater as the motions of the light-streams become more lively, and the prismatic colours become more intense. Quiet regular arches, or ray-motions, have scarcely any action upon the needle. In all disturbances the declination-needle moved towards the east. Further

details will be found in Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen* and *Der Naturforscher* for April 10, 1875.

ANCIENT MOSQUITO-NETS.—It may, perhaps, be worth while to point out that nets to protect the persons of sleepers from the attacks of noxious insects, though perhaps at no time very common in this country, were known in former days to others beside Richard Bishop of London. There was a "bedstead with a net for knatts" in the new chamber at Sawtre Abbey, when an inventory of the goods of that establishment was made at the time of the dissolution of the monastic corporations. (See *Archæologia*, xliii 1. 2; 6.)

I have met with one or two other notices proving that these nets were in use in old days, but I cannot now call to mind where they are.

Bartholomew Glanvil, in his "*De Proverbiis Rerum*" (Trevisa's version) has a chapter in which he tells with the deep feeling of one who had evidently suffered much how—

"A gnatte is a lyttell flye" that "soucketh bloudde, & hath in his mouthe a pype like a prick, and there with he percerthe the flesche for to soucke the bloude. . . . And is gendred of rotted or corrupt vapours of caraynes and corrupt place of marreys. By continuall flappinge of wynges he maketh noyse in the ayre as though he hurried. . . . and greueth slepyng men with noyse and with bytynge, and waketh theym of theyr reste, and sleeth aboute mooste by nyghte, and percerth and byteth membres vpon whiche he sitteth."—Edit. 1535, p. 169.

EDWARD PEACOCK.  
Bottesford Manor, near Brigg.

WE noticed lately as to be seen in the British Museum a terra-cotta boot, on the sole of which the hobnails were arranged to form an *alpha* at the beginning and an *omega* at the heel. Since then we have seen, in the Castellani collection of the Museum, a small gold boot with the nails very expressively forming the word *παrow* = "walk." There was thus apparently a good deal of scope for the ancient *sutor* without his looking *ultra crepidam*. Academy.